

Pictures of Last Night's Boxing Match Between Wells and Lurie.

The Daily Mirror

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as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1914

One Halfpenny.

PRETTY SPRING FASHIONS SEEN AT THE MELTON HUNT STEEPLECHASES.



Mrs. Thornwell and Mr. Stirling Stewart.

Hon. Harriet Trefusis.

Lady Diana Manners.

Miss Cunard.

There were many well-known people at the Melton Hunt steeplechases, which were held at Burton Lazars. Among them were Lady Diana Manners, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, who wore a white cloth costume and white felt hat and

carried a beautiful muff; Miss Cunard, whose hat of full silk was extremely smart; and the Hon. Harriet Trefusis. The fields throughout were of capital proportions, and an excellent afternoon's sport was enjoyed.

TWO JUDGES TO RETIRE?



Lord Justice Vaughan Williams. Mr. Justice Channell. Two Judges who, it is understood, are to retire shortly. Both are seventy-six years of age. Lord Justice Williams has been twenty-four years on the Bench.

WOMAN CHIEF OF POLICE.



Miss Stella Adams, the new chief of police in Universal City (California). She is the only woman to hold this position.

PRINCESS MAUD'S MAJORITY.



Princess Maud, younger daughter of the Princess Royal, who comes of age to-day, leaving her mother's London residence yesterday. She is a niece of the King, and is a sister of Princess Arthur of Connaught.



"This six months' guarantee made me buy my first Holeproofs"

*I buy them now for superior quality—
—for soft comfort and for style."*

We have found during thirteen years' experience that soft, stylish hose *can* be made to wear six months—if the maker takes the pains to produce them—if he uses the best yarn—if he has the machinery—and a great volume of business justifies his expense.

We made six pairs of hose that wore six months long before a guarantee was thought of. These hose suggested the guarantee.

Appearance is not sacrificed in Carl Freschl Hosiery for wear. Yet six pairs are guaranteed six months—even the gauze weights. We replace every pair that fails. But 95 per cent. don't fail.

"Carl Freschl" Holeproof Hosiery

For Men, Women and Children.

You who don't know Carl Freschl Hosiery don't know what you are missing in wear, comfort and style.

Ask for *Carl Freschl Hosiery* wherever Hosiery is sold and beware of imitations.

Sold by leading Drapers, Hosiery, and Outfitters. Socks at 6/6, 9/- and 12/6 per box of half-a-dozen pairs. Ladies' Stockings at 9/- and 12/6, guaranteed for six months. SILK—Gents' Socks, 9/- per box of three pairs. Ladies' Stockings, 12/6 per box of three pairs. Both guaranteed for three months. IF your dealer does not stock them, send postcard for nearest agent.

Look for the Signature—*Carl Freschl*

The Holeproof Hosiery Co. (of Milwaukee, U.S.A.), 10, Church Alley, Liverpool.

Guarantee "We GUARANTEE that 'Holeproof' Hose need no darning for six months. If they should, we agree to replace them by new ones upon surrender of the guarantee ticket with the worn pair and one coupon, provided they are returned to us within six months from date of sale to the wearer."

Nerve Inflammation is the Sole Cause of NEURITIS

FOR FREE
SAMPLE
send address
and 1d. stamp

NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, AND ALL NERVE PAINS

Esmolin EMBROCATION

contains the prescription of the first nerve specialist of the day to cure this inflammation. With instant relief from pain, it has proved a permanent remedy in cases where every other treatment has failed.

Esmolin restores the nerves and muscles to vigorous strength. It has proved an absolute remedy for

MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM

In nine cases out of ten muscular pain and stiffness is not due to Uric Acid at all, but to inflammation of the nerve, caused by muscular weakness or chill. If the sample relieves only slightly **THIS IS YOUR CASE.**

PROOF INDEED.

Mr. R. HARLEY LORD, the well-known Dental Authority, of Balsall Heath, Birmingham, writes, Feb. 5, 1914:

"For over three years I have suffered excruciating agony through Neuritis; have been under five doctors. So helpless had I become that I had to give up my work, could not move without assistance. As a forlorn hope I tried Esmolin. I have had five bottles, and to-day I am attending to my business and haven't a single pain in any part of my body. When I commenced with your Esmolin I could not bear my body or leg to be touched. To-day I feel as well as ever I did in my life. I have recommended Esmolin to several of my patients. One lady suffering from painful knee; after three applications the knee was all right. Another was suffering from Rheumatism in left wrist, which incapacitated him from work; two rubbings shifted it. I am sure Esmolin is a Godsend to sufferers."

Bottles 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d. All good chemists obtain it if you order it. Boots' Cash Chemists (530 Branches), Lewis and Burrows, Timothy White Co., Taylor's Drug Co., or from Esmolin Co., 20, 21, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Five Sizes

1d., 2d.,
4d., 6d.
and 1s.



—each size the finest value that good money can buy. Because Meltonian Paste more than pays for itself in the money it saves you by saving your boots—from hardening, from cracking, and from divers other ills; and it keeps them at their brightest all their long life!

MELTONIAN BOOT PASTE

Try a small size to start with—you can run no risk at all events. Sold at all Stores, etc. If you have any difficulty send a postcard for the name of your nearest retailer. E. BROWN & SON, Ltd. (Dept. 5), Garrick Street, London.

Manliness and Power.

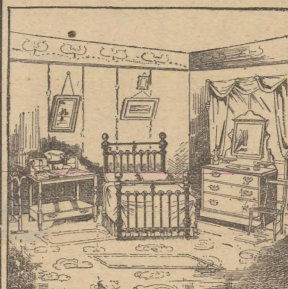
Manliness and power are the two things to be admired, to be sought after, and are to be obtained by studying the needs of the body, and serving it in proper manner. Man is constituted in a way that calls for a mixed diet, being only partly carnivorous. Nature has provided him with one of the very best foods—grape sugar. This is a substance which so builds up the body that it becomes powerful and manly, and gives one that incomparable health that makes life worth living. Grape sugar is so called because it is found in the grape, especially in those ripened naturally in the sun as in Greece. The little Grecian grape which we receive in the form of the Currant is full of pure grape sugar, that is why the greatest physicians of the day are constantly urging everybody to eat plenty of Currants. Currants, by their inviting flavour and compelling attractiveness, are always delicious to the taste, as well as highly nutritious. Have you tried this way of cooking them?

Stewed Currants.

½lb. fine Currants, ½ pint water, ½lb. sugar, 2 cloves, 1 pinch cinnamon, strip lemon rind, cochineal. Method.—Put water, cinnamon, cloves, lemon, and about 15 drops cochineal into a saucepan and boil 10 minutes. Thoroughly wash the Currants, and stew very gently for half an hour. Stewed Currants are very nice served with milk pudding, blancmange, custard, or whipped cream.

This Bedroom Handsomely and Completely Furnished for

£5:15:0



Comprising Massive Brass and Iron Bedstead, Wire Spring Mattress, Overlay Mattress, Bolster, Pillow, Toilet Chest of Drawers, with Dressing Glass, Washstand, Chair, Towel Rail, Toilet Set, Brass Rail Fender, Art Bordered Rug.

Any quantity of new and second-hand furniture Supplied from 1/- Weekly

STAR FURNISHING CO., Established 1879.

DALSTON	49 and 51, Ball's Pond Road.
HIGHBURY	247, Upper Street.
CAMDEN TOWN	46, High Street.
HOLLOWAY	142, Seven Sisters Road.
STOKE NEWINGTON	ROAD—171, 173, 175.
HARRINGAY	3, Grand Parade.
TOTTENHAM	759, High Road.
PALMER'S GREEN	23, Broadway.
WALTHAMSTOW	235, 257, 259, High Street
STRATFORD	23, Broadway.
EAST HAM	Opposite Town Hall.
PECKHAM	184-186, Rye Lane.
CROYDON	14, Crown Hill.
FULHAM	355, North End Road.
WALHAM GREEN	Opposite St. John's Church.
BATTERSEA	272 & 274, Battersea Park Rd.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA	Tyler's Avenue.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

A BABY'S Long Clothes Set: 50 pieces, 21s.; a perfect high-class, entirely complete layette; ideal home work; materials soft, pure, and good; wonderfully beautiful; newest designs; amazingly cheap; bargain of loveliness; instant approval—Mrs. Wilfrid Max, The Chase, Nottingham. BARGAIN Costumes, Fur, Dress, Blouses—Dale's Dress Agency 115, Edgware Rd. 1st Floor. Stamp, catalogue, patterns free.—Beaumont, D.M., Contractor, Portsmouth. SMART Blouses—Genuine Irish Linen Fabric, "Flax-zella," with new silky finish, makes ideal blouses; over 200 Patterns Free! washable, durable, delightful shades.—Write to-day Hutton's, 81, Larne, Ireland.

PLAIN WORDS ON ULSTER'S HOPE.

Mr. Balfour's Strong Criticism
and "T.P.'s" Retort.

"NOTHING TO ADD."

There can be no denying that from the moment the Home Rule Bill passes Ulster will be legally excluded from the Union.—Mr. Balfour.

Nationalists will not consent to any proposal which involves the permanent exclusion of Ulster.—Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

These two emphatic declarations as to Ulster's position under Home Rule, followed one another within a few minutes last night in the House of Commons.

But what will form a basis for a peaceful solution of the Ulster problem?

The movement for a federal solution—Home Rule all round—still continues in the lobbies of both Houses.

Sir Horace Plunkett—who holds that the only way to induce Ulster Unionists freely to enter the Home Rule scheme is to grant them power to leave it, after a fair trial, they find it impracticable—had interviews last night with Sir E. Carson and other leaders.

A new page in the history of the War Office instructions to Sir A. Paget, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, was also revealed last night.

It was Mr. Bonar Law who raised the question of telegrams to General Sir A. Paget.

In reply Mr. McKenna read a number of telegrams from Sir A. Paget, which were not included in the White-paper, relating to the position of the 4th Hussars in the recent trouble in Ireland.

The first telegram sent to the War Office at midnight on March 20 said: It was not clear whether the officers of the 4th Hussars were implicated.

A later telegram said that General Paget was proceeding to the Curragh, and that the colonel of the 4th Hussars was implicated.

Mr. McKenna added that a telegram from the War Office ordered the colonel to report himself with the other officers concerned, and a final wire from Sir A. Paget stated that Colonel Hogge had withdrawn his resignation.

"These wires," said Mr. McKenna, "were not published, because they did not seem to be relevant. These are now all the communications that have passed."

"MOST PREPOSTEROUS BILL."

This Bill is the most preposterous, most ill-conceived, ill-constructed and inconsistent measure that it has ever been attempted to force through the House.

Mr. Balfour used these scathing words in the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, which was resumed.

He deplored the raising of the question of the Army. It was most deleterious and most unhappy. No one doubted that the Army ought to be under civic control.

The Army, he said, ought never to be put into the position of saying whether an action of the civil power was right or wrong.

Regarding the Bill itself, Mr. Balfour urged that if the Government felt they would be injuring their pride by going to the country, they should adopt the referendum.

He was a believer in the referendum, and he thought it was eminently suited for the present crisis.

Mr. Balfour declared that the reason why the Government would not proceed to an election was that Mr. Redmond had a written promise that the Bill would be placed on the statute book before the next election.

Sir E. Grey said no such promise existed. Mr. Balfour: I accept that the Foreign Secretary's statement. I shall substitute the word definite for written.

"MONSTROUS TEMPTATION."

Proceeding, Mr. Balfour said that even though the Government agreed to exclude Ulster by an immediate Act the fact of the original inclusion was a monstrous temptation to put upon the loyalists of the north-east of Ireland. (Unionist cheers.)

Dealing with the suggested federal solution, he said he had never been a believer in cutting up the United Kingdom, but if a moderate form of devolution would solve the problem he would not stand in its way. (Cheers.)

Part of any scheme of devolution that would be acceptable to the Unionists must secure that Ulster and the rest of Ireland should be separate units, otherwise Ulster would be in exactly the same position with regard to Home Rule as she is at the present time. (Opposition cheers.)

Equally emphatic was Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who charged Mr. Balfour with bringing back venom to the controversy.

Mr. Balfour's views, said "T. P.," were anachronistic and he was surprised that the ex-Premier with his influence in the House had not contributed something towards a peaceful settlement.

Personally, said the Irish M.P., he was confident the Bill would be placed on the statute book, and he hoped with some measure of consent.

Mr. Asquith will leave King's Cross to-day by the 10 a.m. train for Scotland and will address his constituents at Ladybank to-morrow.

Mr. Asquith will have a great send off at the station. Mr. Churchill and other members of the Ministry having expressed their intention of being present.

PRETTY TABLEAU AT OUR DEMONSTRATION.



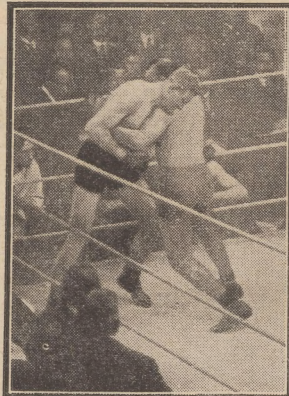
A customer in Watteau costume examining wares at *The Daily Mirror* exposition of convent-made lingerie, at 72, Oxford-street, yesterday. There was also a practical demonstration of embroidery by a French nun.

LABOUR LEADER'S FUNERAL IN LONDON.

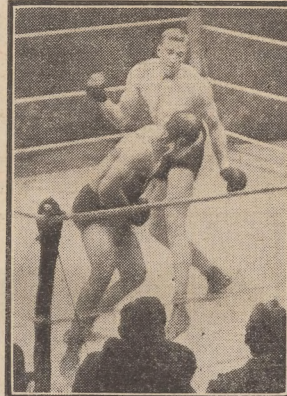


Mr. Keir Hardie (with hands folded) among the chief mourners at the funeral of Mr. Harry Orbell, the labour leader, who was buried at Bow Cemetery, E., yesterday. There was a long procession of trade unionists.

THE BOMBARDIER BEATS THE FRENCHMAN.



A clinch in the corner.



Lurie in the corner.

Two pictures taken at last night's boxing contest. Further pictures will be found on page 16.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

MYSTERY STORY OF VENUS VANDAL.

Militants' Concern for Suffragette
in Prison.

DRESSING GOWN REQUEST

"Complete mystery," according to suffragettes, surrounds the doings of Mary Richardson, who on March 12 last was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for attacking the Rokeby Venus at the National Gallery with a chopper.

Keen anxiety about her is expressed at the headquarters of the Women's Social and Political Union owing to some letters received from the governor of Holloway Gaol, where Miss Richardson is imprisoned.

These are stated to be the reasons that have aroused apprehension among the militants:— Though Miss Richardson is a hunger-striker, she has now been in prison for nineteen days.

Therefore—although she would, her friends say, resist it with all her strength—she must have been forcibly fed.

When Miss Richardson entered Holloway Gaol she had a complete outfit of clothes, including a new dressing gown.

Within a week of her imprisonment there came, it is stated, requests from the governor of Holloway Gaol for three more outfits of clothes and a "strong dressing-gown."

This letter, the militants state, was followed by another letter containing the same request. A



MISS RICHARDSON.

third letter, it is also stated, was sent, and to this Mary Richardson had put her signature. The clothes were then sent to the gaol on Saturday last.

"Complete mystery surrounds Miss Richardson," one of the women officials at the W.S.P.U. offices told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "No one, not even her solicitor, is allowed to see her, and she is not permitted to write to anybody."

"Then there is the strange request for a 'strong' dressing gown."

"What has happened to the other dressing gown she had? Why should she require a 'strong' one?"

"We do not even know if Miss Richardson has been transferred to another prison since last Saturday. Is she very ill—possibly dying? There is nobody who will tell us anything about her."

MOTHER AND CHILDREN POISONED.

A terrible poisoning tragedy occurred yesterday at Alderville-road, Fulham, Mrs. Kate Glover, aged thirty-three, wife of a van driver, poisoning herself and her two children, with vermin killer. The discovery was made by Mrs. Thompson, their landlady, at 4.30, and the sufferers were taken to West London Hospital. There it was found that one child, Leslie, aged two, was dead. The mother herself died shortly after admission and the other child, Arthur, is in a critical condition.

Mrs. Glover, it is stated, bought two 3d. packets of vermin killer during the morning from a chemist in New King's-road, saying that she wanted it for killing mice. Shortly after four o'clock she called downstairs to Mrs. Thompson, who, going to the Glovers' rooms, found Mrs. Glover and the two children prostrate on the bed.

DOCTOR'S £100 CONSCIENCE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, April 2.—Before a Paris doctor undertook recently to operate on a man for appendicitis he insisted on a written promise from the patient's wife of a fee of £100. After the operation he induced his patient to endorse this promise.

But the patient died and the widow refused to pay the money. It was argued by her friends that when she gave her bond she was too much the victim of anxiety for her husband's safety to be a free agent.

The doctor took the case to the courts, where he obtained a favourable verdict. As to the ethics of his bargain, the Court held that he was the sole judge of his conscience.

"TO BE CONTINUED" PLAY.

A serial play is the latest novelty in the theatre of varieties.

This interesting experiment is to be made by Mr. Oswald Stoll at the Coliseum on Monday, the 20th inst.

Each act of a popular play is to be played one week, and the remaining acts in each successive week until the play has been fully represented.

SWEPT TO DEATH ON ICE FLOES.

Sealers Trapped by Blizzard After
Vessel Is Crushed.

263 PERISH?

A terrible disaster of the sea, with great loss of life among crews of two steamers engaged in the Newfoundland sealing industry, was reported late last night in telegrams from Montreal and New York.

During a great blizzard the steamer Newfoundland, with a crew of 120, was caught amid ice floes. Many of the men are reported to have been swept away on the ice floes and are believed to have perished from cold. Forty bodies have been recovered.

Another steamer engaged in the seal trade, the Southern Cross, is reported to have been caught in a blizzard off Cape Race. She has not been heard of since Tuesday morning and grave fears are felt for the safety of her crew of 173.

The sealing steamers Stephano and Bella Venture, which went in search of the trapped men among the ice floes, yesterday picked up many dead and dying.

FOUND DEAD OR DYING.

MONTREAL, April 2.—The Marconi Company have received the following message from Cape Race (Newfoundland):

"The worst disaster to the sealing fleet for over twenty years has happened to the crew of sealers from the steamer Newfoundland, which was caught in a blizzard last night."

"Fifty men have been found dead or dying, and it is feared that the whole of the 120 men connected with the ship have been lost."

"A search is also being made for the sealer Southern Cross, which is said to have been wrecked with great loss of life."—Reuter.

A message received last night at St. John's from the sealer, Bellavente reports, says Reuter, that forty of the Newfoundland crew are dead.

Thirty are on board the Bellavente badly frost-bitten. Thirty more are missing. The Southern Cross had a full catch of about 20,000 seals and is two days overdue from the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

SHIP CRUSHED IN ICE PACK.

ST. JOHN'S (Newfoundland), April 2.—Details to hand by wireless from the Florida show that the men were not out in pursuit of their calling, but had taken precarious refuge on the ice floes when their ship had been crushed like an egg-shell in the ice pack.

The Newfoundland was one of a fleet of twenty vessels which left this port on March 13 with crews numbering nearly 4,000 men.

When the Newfoundland's men took their one chance of escape on the ice floes a terrible blizzard burst and lasted for thirty-six hours.

It was not until forty-eight hours after they had left their ship that the crew were sighted by a rescue steamer, which immediately lowered her boats to pick up the living and the dead.

The majority of the men are still missing, carried away on drifting floes, and it is feared they cannot escape the horrors of death from cold and exposure.—Central News.

AIRMAN'S 670 MILES IN A DAY.

One of the greatest international races in the history of aeronautics was begun yesterday. From seven countries some of the world's most famous pilots are racing from their respective centres to Monaco. The French aviator M. Brindejonc des Moulinis, left Madrid at 5.30 a.m. and reached Marseilles at 6.40 p.m., having covered some 670 miles in 13 1/2 hours.

Four airmen were booked to start from London—namely, Messrs. Hamel, Verrier, Gilbert and Lord Carbery.

Mr. Verrier, however, on reaching Eastbourne found it too foggy to attempt the cross-Channel flight, and returned to Hendon.

STARCHFIELD 'DAZED ABOUT IT ALL'

John Starchfield, who was acquitted of the charge of murdering his son, paid an early morning call yesterday on a sick friend, a news vendor named Berry, who lives at his old lodgings in Hanover-court, Long Acre.

"Starchfield, who looked rather ill and tired, was very pleased to see me," Berry told *The Daily Mirror*. "You've been having rather a rough time, I said. And Starchfield replied that he felt dazed about it all. 'What is worrying me,' he went on, 'is that wherever I go people recognise me. People look at me—I have never seen them before, in my life and say, 'There's Starchfield.'"

LOST GIRL'S "BUS TO THE THAMES."

Dear Father.—When you get this letter I shall be dead. I have taken a bus to the Thames.

This letter, bearing a South-East postmark, was received yesterday from Edith Daisy Pearson, the fifteen-year-old daughter of an official of the Willesden Council, living at Kilburn.

The girl, said Mr. Pearson to the Willesden magistrate, left home on Saturday night and had not been seen since. She was brought up in Wales, and only came to London six months ago. He could not account for her disappearance.

HARM OF THE ARM.

Convent Girls Forbidden to Wear Blouses with Short Sleeves.

"Transparent or short-sleeved blouses are prohibited."

There is no doubt about it. The edict has gone forth to the English schoolgirls attending the Notre Dame aux Epines Convent School at Eccliole, Belgium.

A remarkable letter has just been received by the parents of English girls at the Eccliole Convent School.

The letter is issued by the Mother Superior on "the indecency of the present fashions."

"Very emphatically the letter announces these decisions:—

Their Lordships the Bishops having called attention, not only to parents but also to all Christian teachers, upon the indecency of the present fashions and the necessity to avoid them, we now take the responsibility to inform you of the measures which will be taken with regard to our pupils dating from the end of the Easter vacation:

(a) All low-necked garments, under any form whatever, are forbidden.

(b) Transparent or short-sleeved blouses are prohibited.

(c) Narrow skirts are only tolerated within reasonable limits, i.e., for as much as they correspond to the rules of decency and to perfect modesty.

We have full confidence that the parents of our pupils will be willing to add with our decisions, and we take advantage of the present occasion to thank you for all the valuable assistance that has been rendered us under various circumstances, and this with a view to improve the moral and also the intellectual progress of the pupils confided to our care.

"There are about 800 girls at the Eccliole Convent School, and about 200 of them are English," said the father of one pupil to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"Such stringent regulations are certainly rather drastic, and I should imagine will be greatly resented by the girls themselves. What possible harm can there be in short sleeves for a schoolgirl?"

IRRESISTIBLE SPORT.

Farm Inquest Adjourned for Jurors to See
Football Match—Mr. Morgan's Denials.

When the coroner's inquiry into the mystery of the poisoned Welsh farmer was adjourned at 2 p.m. yesterday to suit the business convenience of a juryman, the coroner said that on resuming he would sit till a late hour.

A Jurymen: But what about the semi-final of the Montgomeryshire Cup (presumably football), which starts at Newtown this afternoon at five o'clock? We should like to be there.

The Coroner: In that case I will adjourn at five again and resume the inquiry at half-past six.

At the first inquest on Mr. Thomas Roberts, a retired farmer, of Carno, Montgomeryshire, the jury decided that death was due to heart failure.

When the body was exhumed, by order of the High Court, strychnine was found.

Mr. Roberts left most of his property to his friend, Mr. Evan Morgan, but he had intended marrying and altering his will.

Mr. Evan Morgan came forward of his own accord to give evidence, the coroner telling him he need answer no question he thought incriminating.

He contradicted previous evidence as to what happened at the death of Mr. Roberts, sen., to whom, he said, was properly read over and explained to him. The start of the business about himself was someone saying:

Lee Edward (Mr. Thomas Roberts's brother, who also is dead) made his will four days before his death, or else Morgan and Dr. Edwards would do it four days after his death.

Witness denied that he had had £200 from Mr. Thomas Roberts. Coming to the will in which Mr. Thomas Roberts left him some property, Mr. Morgan said he advised Mr. Roberts to begin by making his sister (Mrs. Watkins) all right and doing what he liked afterwards. When he found himself named as executor he wished to be freed from the position. He added:

A lot of the family have been jealous about this business, but I don't get what I get out of it. I went with Mr. Roberts to Newtown on the Saturday before his death, and although I saw him go into a chemist's shop I did not know what he had bought.

It has been stated that Mr. Roberts bought a shillingworth of strychnine for the purpose, he said, of killing rats. The hearing was adjourned.

TRAIN UPSET BY A BUFFALO.

BATAVIA, April 2.—A train was derailed on a railway bridge near Tanjong Priok this morning as the result of a collision with a buffalo.

Twenty natives were killed and fifty injured. The bridge gave way and the locomotive and five vans fell into the river.—Reuter.

£800 A YEAR CLAIMED

Officer's Action for Annuity Against
Sir Arthur Bignold.

ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

An officer's claim to an annuity against his wife's adoptive father came before the Appeal Court yesterday.

The action was brought by Captain Herbert Maddick, formerly A.D.C. to the Governor of Jamaica, who married the Marquisa de Torre Hermosa, against Sir Arthur Bignold, ex-M.P. for Wick Burghs.

Captain Maddick, who married his wife in 1903, after she had divorced her first husband, brought an action in the Chancery Division asking for a declaration that by an agreement contained in two letters sent to him before his marriage, Sir Arthur Bignold agreed to make him and his wife an allowance of £800 a year.

The letters on which Captain Maddick relied contained these extracts:—

"I think I shall be able to make May (Mrs. Maddick) an allowance of £800 a year, which she has had in former years. I think about £800 a year is what I can give her."

"I am sure your father will do all in his power for you, and so shall I for May. You will have £500 plus £200 and your pay."

HUSBAND'S LETTER.

Mr. Justice Warrington struck out the statement of claim, on the ground that it disclosed no cause of action, and dismissed the action on the ground that it was frivolous and vexatious.

Against this order Captain Maddick appealed, and his counsel, Mr. Terrell, K.C., said that although Mrs. Maddick had been made a defendant she supported her husband's claim.

Counsel pointed out that, on becoming engaged, Captain Maddick wrote to his prospective father-in-law, saying he was engaged and had no means except a voluntary allowance of £800 from his father, and that his proposed wife told him she only had a voluntary allowance from Sir A. Bignold of £800 a year.

To this Sir Arthur replied that he thought he would be able to allow £800 a year.

Counsel contended that on the face of it there was a binding contract on the part of Sir Arthur to pay Mrs. Maddick during the joint lives of Mrs. Maddick and Sir Arthur £800 a year.

Lord Justice Buckley: It is no promise. It is simply a statement of fact.

Without calling upon counsel for Sir Arthur Bignold, their Lordships held that Mr. Justice Warrington was right in saying that the statement of claim, as at present framed, disclosed no contract by Sir Arthur Bignold to pay the £800 a year, and therefore that it disclosed no reasonable cause of action.

Mr. Terrell then asked leave to amend the statement of claim.

The Master of the Rolls: I shall not give leave to amend unless the plaintiff can pin himself down to the precise contract he alleges. I think the best plan will be that you should amend your statement of claim and submit the amendments for the consideration of the court.

The case was accordingly adjourned until Monday, but the Master of the Rolls intimated that the appellant would have to pay the costs in any event.

ENGINE DRIVER'S FATAL ERROR.

A driver's mistake is stated by Lieutenant-Colonel Druitt, in his report to the Board of Trade, to have been responsible for the collision on the London and North-Western Railway, at Rugby, on February 4, when a train of empty coaches which were being shunted was run into by the engine working an empty wagon train from Northampton. The latter collided with the first engine broadside, and knocked it over on its side. The driver and fireman were killed, and the fireman of the empty wagon train was injured.

The report states that the collision was due to Driver Clarke, of the wagon train, passing his home signals at danger owing to mistaking which of them was "off" when he first sighted them.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Light westerly or variable breeze; mostly fair or fine; a few very local showers; normal temperature.

Lighting-time: 7.55 p.m. High-water at London Bridge: 6.28 p.m.

BAROMETRIC OBSERVATIONS. Holborn Circus, City, 6 p.m. Barometer, 29.90 in., unsteady; temperature, 50 degs.; wind, variable and light; weather, fine to cloudy, with thick haze. Sea passages will be smooth.

GOLDFISH WITH AEROPLANE TAIL.



This goldfish, which lives in a tank at Brixton, is an unusual specimen of its tribe, as it has an aeroplane tail.

VARDON AND DUNCAN WIN

Defeat of Taylor and Braid in "Gutty" v.
Rubber-Cor Match—Where a Ball Hid.

The golf ball test match at Sandy Lodge yesterday showed at least that the general public are coming to take a very lively interest in the game—an interest in some cases too lively and eager.

There must have been fully 3,000 spectators, and at least half of them seemed to know nothing of the etiquette which a golf "gallery" must observe if it would give the players a fair chance of showing their true form. Onlookers roamed about all over the place.

The ball repeatedly fell among the onlookers, and at the tenth hole in the afternoon Taylor's shot dropped into the buttoned coat of a man standing beside a bunker. After a hasty search, he produced it and threw it on to the green!

Vardon and Duncan beat Braid and Taylor by one hole. The latter couple used "gutties" against rubber-corns in the morning, and finished 5 strokes behind their best ball being 71 as against the 66 of their opponents.

On the whole, the gutty was outshined by about twenty-five yards by the rubber-corn. Perhaps the best thing that Braid did was to have the sixth hole of 455 yards in it.

He reached the green with two terrific thumps with his driver. Even Vardon, who did 4 for his side, had to take a wooden club for his second shot.

In the afternoon it was the turn of Vardon and Duncan to smite "gutties" against rubber-corns. Braid again put his own side in front again with the twelfth, Braid still being in great form.

At that time the rubber-corn was in a bit of a lull. Duncan struck a splendid vein with the gutty. Laying his tee shot practically dead, he won the hole in 3. The last two holes were won by Vardon and Duncan triumphed.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the proceedings was the fact that practically all the long putts that were holed were accomplished with rubber-corns.

In the driving competitions, Braid won with the rubber-corn with a shot of 279 yds. 2 ft. 4 in., and Duncan with the gutty, his best effort measuring 240 yds. 1 ft. 4 in.

R. E. HOWARD.

CITY OF MANY THRILLS.

Residents Who Live in Thirty Dramas a
Week for the Cinematograph.

A film actors' city, where, in an enclosed space of 600 acres, all the inhabitants—over 1,000 people in all—are employed solely for acting in moving picture dramas, has been founded in California.

This novel town has been called Universal City. It produces and sends out to the world an enormous number of thrilling cowboy dramas and other cinema plays.

Its weekly output of moving pictures amounts to some 30,000 to 40,000 feet of film—roughly thirty new plays every week.

It is a town of show and of show-biz. City are maintained by a woman, Miss Pauline Bush, who holds the position of mayoress. She administers justice for all kinds of offences.

The head of the police is also a woman—Miss Stella Adams—who controls a staff of some sixty policemen and policewomen.

Some facts in brief about Universal City are as follow:—

A tribe of fifty Navajo Indians live on the estate for taking leading parts in thrilling "Far West" dramas. Entrances to the 400-acre estate are guarded by armed warriors to prevent the access of "film spies"—men who steal ideas for film plays.

The city contains a hospital with twenty beds, and a staff of two doctors and six nurses. Half of the beds are nearly always occupied by people with sprained ankles—caused by their acting in the picture dramas.

A huge storehouse for the actors' and actresses' costumes has been erected. There are forty women attendants to look after and distribute the costumes.

A staff of fifty moving picture operators is constantly busy filming.

Other features of Universal City are a well-equipped school, a chapel, fire station and a menagerie. The Transatlantic Film Company represent the Universal City's productions in this country. (Photograph on page 1.)

WHO IS SAX ROHMER?

Sax Rohmer is one of those personalities which have become famous almost in a day. Who that knew Mr. John Sarsfield Ward as a sub-editor on the staff of *Commercial Intelligence* would have expected to see him become in a few brief years the leading exponent of the occult in fiction?

The *Premier Magazine*, which makes its bow to the public to-morrow, may be congratulated on securing his latest excursion into the occult—"The Brood of the Serpent"—which, as Sax Rohmer has made a profound study of sorcery and the black arts, and the result of his researches in Egypt and the Orient is woven into a series which in itself is enough to insure success for the new magazine.

W. L. George, Rafael Sabatini, Mary Glyn, Guy Thorne and Tom Gallon are a few of the many other popular authors who have been secured for the *Premier*, which, launched on the crest of the biggest magazine enterprise Sax Rohmer ever known, should at once take its place as the leading fiction monthly.

SEARCH FOR WOMAN WAGNER.

Can women hope to rival the great musical geniuses such as Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner?

The founder of the Society of Women Musicians, the president of which is the famous French composer, Mme. Chaminade, believe that women can attain very high positions as composers, and they are engaged in a search for talent.

All the members of the Society of Women Musicians are composers and artists," Miss Gertrude Eaton, the hon. treasurer, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

British women composers have never had a chance," said Miss Eaton, "until now, and it has been a reproach against composers that they have never produced great works such as those of men composers."



Mr. Leopold Amery.

Liked Canvassing.
A young Tory M.P. with an ever-increasing reputation, is Mr. Leopold Charles Maurice Stennett Amery. He is one of the shortest men in the House, and perhaps the only M.P. who ever had to cut short his honeymoon for electioneering purposes.

That was for the December election of 1910, when he contested Bow and Bromley.

"It's a little disturbing," was his comment to me at that time, "but, then, honeymoons will keep—and elections won't."

Mrs. Amery didn't mind it a bit. "I can't imagine a jollier way of spending a honeymoon," she told me, "and I've been canvassing every day."

How to Fight a French Duel.

I was given an insight into the mysteries of the French duel yesterday by a man who had just fought one.

He is a very fair amateur swordsman, but he didn't think himself up to duelling form, so before the "affaire" he arranged for some further lessons with the rapier.

The instructor first inquired if his opponent was an expert fencer. He was not. "Then," said the instructor, "the more I teach you the more dangerous for you."

The ignoramus with the sword, it appears, is always the most dangerous opponent, and my friend was made to practise daily with beginners to learn to avoid their wild and threatening thrusts.

And the result was that he won the duel—I suppose one wins or loses a duel—for the unskilful opponent fell upon his sword and hurt himself really badly.

Stupid Steamship Management.

I wonder when steamship companies will learn that the way to make more people use their ships is to provide one-berth cabins for all passengers.

Any hotel that tried to make its guest share a bedroom with one or more perfect strangers would fail in a month, yet steamship companies that charge for accommodation far more than first-class hotel prices work on this antiquated principle.

I have often heard people complain that they would love to travel by liner, but they cannot afford a single-berth stateroom, and would not, unless they were forced to, share a room with an unknown person.

Where is Stafford House?

From the many inquiries I have heard lately, Stafford House, where the London Museum now has its home, is one of the hardest places in London to find. Many people have no idea where it is, and most have only a vague idea that it is somewhere near St. James's Palace.

The address of Stafford House, according to the latest Office Directory, is Stable Yard, St. James's Palace, and the simplest way to get to it is to take the first turning west, or the Buckingham Palace side, of St. James's Palace, out of the Mall. Stafford House faces the Mall, but the entrance is at the back.

Perhaps it would be simpler still to say: "Go to St. James's Palace and ask a policeman."

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Miss Connie Ediss.

Farmer Connie Ediss.

After many years at the Gaiety, Connie Ediss is to be seen at the Alhambra. She will appear in the new revue there whenever that is presented. It is not generally known that Miss Ediss, who is a naturalised American citizen, is an expert farmer.

"Oh, yes, I have a farm," she told a friend, "at Savoy—not in the Strand, you know—but at Savoy in Massachusetts. I've got three cows and 140 acres, a team of horses and any number of maple trees. Farming is such a rest from the theatre!"

No One Thought He Was Guilty.

Now that the Starfield case is over, one may comment on the extravagance and idiocy of the case.

There was not one man in fifty but knew that the evidence against the man was hopelessly inadequate—even to suggest conviction; yet the solemn and harassing farce was allowed to go on.

The police, I hear, never wanted to arrest Starfield, but the coroner's jury's verdict of guilty forced their hand.

Useless Coroners' Juries.

It surely is time that that comic institution, the coroner's jury, was abolished. Nobody wants to serve on that panel. To the average man it is revolting, particularly that part of the foolish ritual that demands that the jury view the body.

A skilled coroner is best able to draw conclusions from the evidence brought before him. His unwilling, untrained jury is unable to give him any aid in the matter.

Coroners' juries may have been admirable institutions in the primitive life of 400 years ago. To-day they are useless and, as the Starfield case proves, expensive "unnecessaries."

A Profitable Corpse.

Coroners' inquests reached a point in New York some years ago when the authorities had to step in to prevent excessive "inqueting."

The coroner used to be paid £5 an inquest, and to the unscrupulous man this provided a simple means of making a fortune.

The body of an unknown man found in the streets was "sat upon" no fewer than 152 times by one coroner.

At the conclusion of each inquest the court officials used to "lose" the corpse and find it again a few hours later, hold another inquest and then repeat the proceedings.

Someone gave the game away, however, and coroners are paid a yearly salary now.

Hustler.

Who says that artists don't know how to hustle? A morning paper yesterday printed this advertisement—

PORTTRAITS.—Artist, wishing to get well known, would like to Paint Portrait (in oil, life-size head and shoulders, for anyone likely to influence others if satisfied for actual cost of materials and travelling expenses, if given hospitality while painting; highest references.

This sounds like art for food's sake.
THE RAMBLER.

To-day's Grumble.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell is no grumbler, so he writes me.

"I have nothing to grumble about," he says. "Everybody is sending donations to the Boy Scouts' Endowment Fund, and that is all I want."

Lucky "B.-P." I hope he never will be able to contribute more fully to my collection.

The "Madness" of Billiards.

There is almost as much interest being taken in the "test" billiard match between Inman and Stevenson as there was in the early stages of the latter's match with Reece for the championship. A lot of people still believe Stevenson to be the most wonderful player alive.

He tells a good story about himself when he was playing an exhibition match at Johannesburg. An old Boer who had watched his play approached him after the game and inquired what he "did it" for.

Stevenson explained that he "did it" for a living. The old Boer incredulously demanded to know whether he was paid for playing.

"Of course," answered Stevenson. The Boer threw up his hands in amazement. "Alleluchwa!" he exclaimed "now I know that the English are mad."

Rev. "Billy" Sunday.

One of the leading lights in the American "Go to church" campaign that I mentioned the other day is the

Rev. "Billy" Sunday, an energetic divine of what one might call the newest school.

Whenever Mr. Sunday preaches he attracts enormous crowds. Over 10,000 people crowded into one hall to hear him at Scranton, Pennsylvania, some ten days or so ago.

He drives home his points with the wildest suggestions, and generally preaches in his shirt sleeves.

His idea is to get people to "hit the trail," which means to be converted.

Humming Birds in a Rainstorm.

In one of his recent sermons he described Pilate as a "stand pat," a free lunch, pie counter, pliable, lick spittle, tin horn, peanut-gritting politician, the direct product of the plutocratic systems of Rome and Jerusalem.

During the same sermon, according to the American papers, Mr. Sunday "caused the tabernacle to rock with laughter when he cried 'If some of you women would take off all your false hair you'd look like humming birds in a rainstorm.'"

Lady Boxer Arrives.

The champion lady boxer of the world, Millicent Carpenter—no relation to her famous fellow-countryman of that name—has arrived in England, and will now be seen on the London vaudeville stage with an English champion, Miss Warner.

Hoped It Wasn't True.

She was a dear old dame close approaching her hundredth year, and the country rector visited her each week to comfort her fast-closing days.

He had been explaining the story of the Flood and telling in detail how all creation save Noah and his family was washed away and drowned in the waters.

"Was they all drowned, sir?" asked the dear old dame.

"All of them," said the rector solemnly. "Dear, dear, dear!" she sighed sympathetically. "Well, sir, we can but hope it wasn't true."

Snapshots at Night.

Mr. Ivor Castle, *The Daily Mirror* photographer, details of whose invention for taking snapshot photographs at night were published yesterday, has been inundated with inquiries to know "how it is done."

He told me yesterday that ever since he took up photography—nearly twenty years ago—he has been worrying to try to discover a means of "snapping" in the dark. Mr. Castle has travelled all over the world for *The Daily Mirror*. He has been twice to India, once with the King when Prince of Wales and again for the Durbur, and he took some of the first photographs ever taken from an aeroplane in flight.

Take a Day's Holiday.

The King, Mr. Castle says, is always interested in the photographer's work, and on many occasions, notably at the Durbur, by his personal instructions, made easier the work of the photographic correspondents at Delhi.

On the first Indian tour, on one occasion, his Majesty thought the ubiquitous photographer was not having enough leisure, and he caused word to be sent to him that he might accompany a picnic arranged for the next day, but suggested he might leave his camera behind and come and enjoy himself for the day.

"The Daily Mirror" as a Text.

Next Sunday the subject of the address at the men's monthly meeting at St. James's Church, Pentonville, is "*The Daily Mirror*."

The Campaign for the Blind.

The Duke of Rutland has written this letter to the hon. treasurer of the National Institute for the Blind:—

"The sympathy I feel with all those who have the appalling misfortune not to be able to see all that is going on round them, or to appreciate the beauties which Nature spreads over the earth at all times, but especially in the spring, cannot be expressed in words."

"Anything that can be done to diminish their burden should be effected by those more fortunately situated, and so the movement which you have undertaken for the further extension of Braille literature will, I trust, meet with an immediate response."

SECRETS OF THE SEASON.

Crowds of Women View "The Daily Mirror" Display of Perfect Lingerie.

It was Violet Day in the West End yesterday. For a bunch of violets, grown in the garden of a French convent, was the souvenir carried away by each member of the two great audiences which attended *The Daily Mirror* Demonstrations of "The Perfect Lingerie and Its Story," at 72, Oxford-street, where Mme. Caroline, of the Place Vendôme, Paris—eleventh professor in *The Daily Mirror* Academy of Shopping—has made her London home.

This, the latest of the series of fascinating shopping demonstrations, was the most delightfully feminine of them all.

There was a thrill of expectation as the great gathering fixed their eyes on the rose du Barri curtains, which, at eleven and three o'clock, were drawn aside to reveal the secrets of the new season's lingerie.

Since the disestablishment of the French convents, it was explained, the nuns have had to earn money to support their institutions, and the serene atmosphere in which they make by hand the daintiest of underclothing is in striking contrast to the surroundings of the sweated workers in the slums of cities.

A gentle, black-robed nun, sitting with her embroidery on one side of the stage, and two East End sweated workers, with their sewing machines, on the other, illustrated this point.

"ALMOST A JOKE."

Defence in Army Canteen Case—All the Accused Committed.

The whole of the nine Army officers and the nine civilians (now or formerly in the employ of Lipton, Limited) were at Bow-street yesterday committed for trial, charged with conspiracy in connection with Army canteen contracts.

Yesterday, the fifteenth day of the hearing of the case, was devoted to speeches for the defence. Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., counsel for the defendant Cansfield, general manager of Lipton, Limited, gave a sketch of the incidents which, he said, led up to the case.

It arose, he said, from an action brought by the witness Sawyer against Lipton, Limited, for criminal libel. Mr. Cansfield was informed that pressure might be brought upon him.

There was some sort of threat of an "exposure" by another person with regard to payments to quartermasters, and although Mr. Cansfield strongly disapproved of those payments, he did not consider it a matter that he should make any attempt to shield.

Then the man who had made the threat hawked about that material to see if he could get something for it, and something appeared in the Press.

Mr. T. M. Healy, K.C., counsel for Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. T. Whitaker, said the latter, who was a member of an old Yorkshire family, nine years ago had left the Army found himself in that court on a stale charge as to matters alleged to have been committed eight or nine years ago—long before the passing of the Prevention of Corruption Act.

In this case, said Mr. Healy, prosecution under the Prevention of Corruption Act was almost a joke.

TURN OF THE BUXOM.

New Draped Gowns Enable Women with Large Hips To Be in Fashion.

The woman with the large hips need not despair this season, for owing to the vogue for draped gowns she will be able to disguise the fact and be as fashionable as her slim sisters without discomfort.

This is the statement made by a well-known beauty specialist to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"I love these draped gowns," she said, "and the bunched draperies about the hips that are now in vogue."

"They are so essentially feminine, and it is so long since we have had really feminine dresses."

"The straight figure, more like that of a slim boy than that of a woman, is really not the truly feminine figure."

"Women with hips do not need to worry so much when wearing the draped gowns as they did when wearing the tube dresses that have just passed away."

"Hitherto they have been most uncomfortable, swathed in tight bands which were necessary to keep down the hip dimensions, and have had to have recourse to considerable massage and beauty culture. Now the size of the hips does not really show."

On Page 12.—The Triumph of the Cape Mantle, Latest Paris Fashion Sketch and Good-bye to the Old Dining-room.

COAL STRIKE CLOUDS.

100,000 Miners Idle—Prices Increase and National Stoppage Is Urged.

Are we on the eve of a great national coal strike? One hundred thousand miners are idle in Yorkshire. Thousands more may follow before the week is over.

The strike is the result of a good deal of dissatisfaction with the working of the Minimum Wage Act, which is the cause also of great dissatisfaction in Nottingham mining areas.

Everything in Yorkshire depends upon the outcome of a momentous meeting to-day, when the special committee of the Coal Conciliation Board meets in London to consider whether a way out of the deadlock can be found.

Membership of the Yorkshire Miners' Association is 130,000, and practically every man employed in the coalfield is a trade unionist.

Already coal has advanced 5s. a ton and coke 2s. The outlook is causing some anxiety in London, but happily prices have not yet risen.

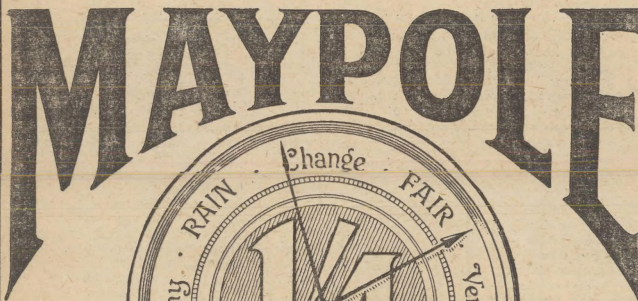
"If the strike does not spread to other fields, and if we can get our supplies from other districts at anything like reasonable rates, we shall not advance our prices," said the manager of Sir Edwin A. Cornwall, the well-known coal merchant, to *The Daily Mirror* last night.

The number of electricians on strike was officially put at 800 yesterday.

Three men were scalded as the result of an explosion yesterday afternoon on the turbine mail packet Riviera, when she was coming into Dover from Calais.

THE WEATHER MAY BE UNCERTAIN

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THE GREATEST EXHIBITION of LINENS, ART FABRICS & CURTAINS at WARING & GILLOW'S

THE whole of our Windows in Oxford Street are given up to this unique display, and the exhibited schemes of colours and designs will form the keynote of fashion in furnishing fabrics for this Spring and Summer.

In almost every case the designs and colours have been created and produced by Waring & Gillow and can only be obtained from this firm. We give the same care and attention to the production of a simple cretonne as to the most sumptuous brocade, and whatever the price of the article, its artistic merit remains the same.

The items given below are representative of the extraordinary variety of these linens and new Spring fabrics, but they should be seen and handled in order to realize their beauty and worth; see them beautifully displayed in our 15 specimen bedrooms.

SPECIMEN VALUES

FABRICS.

THE MARTINIQUE HAND-PRINTED LINEN.—A daring treatment, black on parchment ground. This is distinctly new and dignified, and is sure of a prominent place in future decoration.

50in. wide, 4/11 per yard.

THE RENAISSANCE CRETONNE.—A fine Italian design in black and white.

31in. wide, 1/8½ per yard.

THE MARTINI HAND-PRINTED LINEN.—A fine large bird design in black and white.

50in. wide, 4/11 per yard.

THE STORK AND RAVEN HAND-PRINTED LINEN.—This very interesting design in black and white is quite different from anything that has ever been before the public.

31in. wide, 3/6 per yard.

See our windows in Oxford-street, which are specially devoted to black and white scheme.

THE ORCHARD HAND-PRINTED LINEN.—A pleasing and well-covered design of fruit and birds, reproduced in soft tones and in bright Eastern effects.

50in. wide, 5/11 per yard.

THE CHIPPENDALE.—Charming design in refined colours, suitable for use in a Chippendale room. In many treatments of colour.

31in. wide, 1/9½ per yard.

THE CAVENDISH CRETONNE.—An interesting Queen Anne design reproduced in new colour treatment. In four arrangements of colour.

31in. wide, 1/2½ per yard.

THE PEACOCK.—The design was reproduced from the panel of a beautiful antique lacquer screen, valued at £800, and is the best value we have ever offered. In cretonne, also with blues or mauves predominating.

31in. wide, 1/11½d. per yard.

LINENS.

Ladies' Hemstitched Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, 1/9½ half dozen.

Ladies' Coloured Novelty Handkerchief, 1/4½ half-dozen.

Enormous value in Duchesse Sets, Linen and Lace Trimmings, 2/6½ set.

Handsome Reproduction of Real Lace Tea Cloth.

36in. square, 14/9 each.

Hemstitched Irish Linen Pillow Case. Fine example of value, 1/11 each.

Exceptional value in Hemstitched Linen Sheets.

For single bed, 16/9 per pair.

„ double „ 21/- „

A great speciality of this display will be a fine collection of Finest French Hand Embroidered Sheets and Pillow Cases to match, at the most competitive prices. Herewith a few examples of value.

Fine Hemstitched Longcloth Sheet.

For single bed, 6/11 per pair.

Washed ready for use.

Excellent quality Hemstitched Pillow Case to match, 1/- each.

Wonderful value in Plain Cotton Sheets.

For single beds, 4/9 per pair.

Handsome Trimmed Lace and Linen Sheets.

For single bed, 25/9 each.

„ double „ 29/6 „

Trimmed Lace Pillow Cases to match, 6/6 each.

Most comprehensive stock of Kitchen goods to be obtained at marvellous prices. One example Typed Tea and Glass Cloth:

Extra heavy make, 5/6 dozen.

Real Irish Handsome Embroidered Lawn Bedspreads, in a large variety of exclusive designs. One example of value:—

For single beds, 18/6 each

„ double „ 21/6 „

Send for the Beautiful Fabric Book, Posted Free. It contains many of the new spring designs in their actual colours.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1914.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?

IT was a case of identification and of corroboration in the matter of a train murder; and the first witness called was the porter who had closed the door of the carriage in which the accused man had taken his seat with the man afterwards found dead on the train. This porter was asked what sort of a man had thus got into the carriage, where, already seated, was the passenger afterwards found dead. Was the unknown man tall?

"No, he wasn't a tall man, nor he wasn't a short man neither. He was, as you might say, a middling-sized man—not much to look at."

"How was he dressed?" "He was dressed in black." "Anything peculiar?" (long pause) "Come, now, something a little peculiar? Gloves, stick, hat, tie, boots?"

"Rather funny tie, perhaps."

"What sort of tie?"

"Spotted tie—big spots. And wore a ring round."

"Thank you. That will do."

The second witness was a window cleaner who had seen the man get in.

He thought him a short man—quite a short man—"remarkable short." Hadn't noticed spots on tie. Hadn't noticed any tie. Noticed his coat—such a funny colour. No, not black—brown with a kind of spot on it. Any overcoat? No overcoat. (Thanks.)

Third witness. Passenger who happened to be looking out of train to buy paper. Saw man get in—next carriage. Short? Well, no—not exactly: near five foot ten or eleven, anyhow. Had a brown overcoat. Sure? It was an overcoat? Not an undercoat? Oh, yes: Quite certain about that—long thick overcoat—sort of ulster. Tie? Couldn't see his tie. Overcoat, ulster, buttoned up. But it was quite warm? "Oh, no, indeed it wasn't—jolly cold: cold spring day." But the other witnesses said warm! "Oh, well, you can't account for opinions." (Thanks.)

That was all. "You can't account for opinions." Nor can you tell what happened; for one witness said the unknown man had shaken his fist as he got in, and another that he had started back, and a third that he had smiled, and a fourth . . .

And each was quite certain of what he said.

What, then, really did happen? What must the historian report? Did Mary Stuart wear scarlet on the scaffold, or black? Was Madame Roland's hair black, or grey, or that last day? What did they look like? What happened?

Berkeley and the subjective school will answer—"Nothing."

Nothing happened. In other words, the varied opinions of people, each of whom reports an unverifiable vision of his own, are all we have to go on, about that unexplained something that took place.

This apropos of Starchfield—and the others.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

CRANKINESS.

THERE are many different kinds of cranks, but a general definition might be: "A man who is obsessed with one idea to the exclusion of all others." B. P. H. BISHOP.
Alexandra-road, South Hampstead, N.W.

THE EPIGRAM HABIT.

EPIGRAMS are popular because they are easily made and gain their point by a striking comparison.

"Marriage," you may remark, "is expensive like a motor-car, but not half as useful," and your point

FINDING FAULT WITH OTHERS.

POOR "Town" and "Country Mouse"! To be constantly criticised is decidedly unpleasant. I was once engaged to one who for some time after that interesting event began to criticise the clothes I wore and to complain generally, though others had no fault to find. I began to think something was wrong. There was. He had discovered someone who was more attractive to him than I was. The strange sequence of this is that now I am smarter and take far more interest in dress than formerly, simply because before all my thoughts and interests were centred in the one I was going to marry, which is the greatest mistake a woman can

PEOPLE ONE DINES WITH FOR THE FIRST AND LAST TIME—NO. 3.



Those who have a large collection of "darling" dogs, cats, lizards, parrots and other beasts, and who permit these pets to crawl, fly, screech and scratch all over the dinner-table, where their guests are trying to get a few mouthfuls of food.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

is more forcibly brought out than if you just said, "Marriage is an expensive undertaking." EPIGRAM.

"MONOTONOUS" MARRIAGE.

IF a woman doesn't want marriage to be "monotonous," she should be careful whom she marries. She should marry a man who likes going out and who is fond of travel. But women will marry, instead, those stick-in-the-mud men who smoke pipes and sleep after dinner! They must expect what they get if they do that. GAY WIFE.

Westbourne-terrace, W.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

When you think the next general election will come, and what you think will be the result of it. The Starchfield case and what is to be learnt from it in the way of legal procedure, coroner's courts and so. Where you are going for Easter. Whether we are all too luxurious to-day—especially those of us who are rather badly off. See our correspondence column.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Avoid those things in thyself, which in others do most displease thee.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

"LUXURY."

Do Young People of To-day Spend Too Much Money on Their Pleasures?

WE live in a house left us by our parents. We are a family of three unmarried daughters and one son, who works hard.

Indeed, he has to work, for our rates amount fully to £40 a year—the poor rate alone being always £34. We do not object to helping the destitute to have huge families, but it's a little hard, when we've done this, to be told we are so "luxurious" as not to care about marrying and having large families ourselves.

FOUR ECONOMISTS.
South Kensington.

YOUR middle-aged correspondent is perhaps a little hard on the young people of to-day. They want to see more and to go about more than their parents did, but I don't think this necessarily means that they are much more "luxurious."

May it not mean, rather, that they are more enlightened—better educated?

I know that my sons and daughters are all that I could wish them to be in thoughtfulness for me and kindness to one another, yet I am bound to admit that, without being what I should call "luxurious," all spend a good deal more than we used to do nearly fifty years ago. But, then, to-day the opportunities for spending are so much greater!

CHANGE WITH THE TIMES.
Manchester-square, W.

I KNOW one point at least in which the middle classes of to-day (and, indeed, all classes) are distinctly more extravagant than their ancestors were—that is in the matter of "holidays."

I know people who are supposed to be quite badly off, who yet manage to go abroad twice a year! My mother, when she died, had only twice been out of England, and one of her journeys was for a few days to Paris to see a sick relative.

In those days, we only went away once a year—in August, for three weeks, to a farmhouse lent us by an uncle.

Your correspondent, "A Man With a Large Family," would no doubt call this very mean. But the system had one advantage. My father was able to leave his children a competence when he died. Maldon, Essex. E. K.

COMFORT and luxury are two very different things, and very different people who are very luxurious in their tastes have not the sense of comfort and do not live comfortably.

I can call to mind a rich family, who have several motor-cars and a town house of great size. But it's one of the least comfortable houses I know. There are too many cross servants about, too much food and drink, too many parties and too much noise. This is very expensive, and what I suppose must be called luxurious.

Comfort is a very different thing, and I think people can easily be excused for trying to achieve it.

Perfect cleanliness and good food, fresh air and good education—these ought to be in every family's means. Beyond comes luxury, and luxury should not be the ambition of any sensible person. MODERATE.

Great Russell-street.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 2.—The primroses are now a beautiful sight. In a woodland place our native variety carpets the mossy ground with yellow, while a shady primula border holds many lovely sorts.

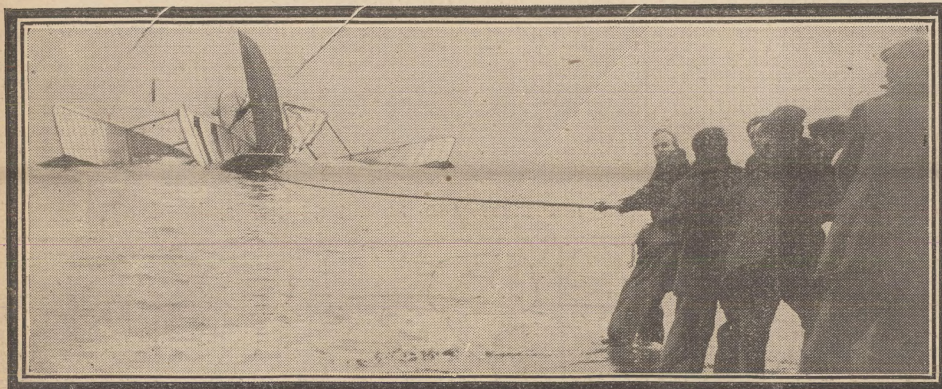
The double primroses are grand plants for the spring garden; let them be grown in some sheltered corner of the rockery, and they must be taken up about the end of April and, after division, be planted in a cool, shady bed for the summer. There are precious double white, mauve and sulphur kinds.

Then there are the richly-coloured primroses, and these include the delightful blue shades. Primrose seed should be sown now. E. F. T.

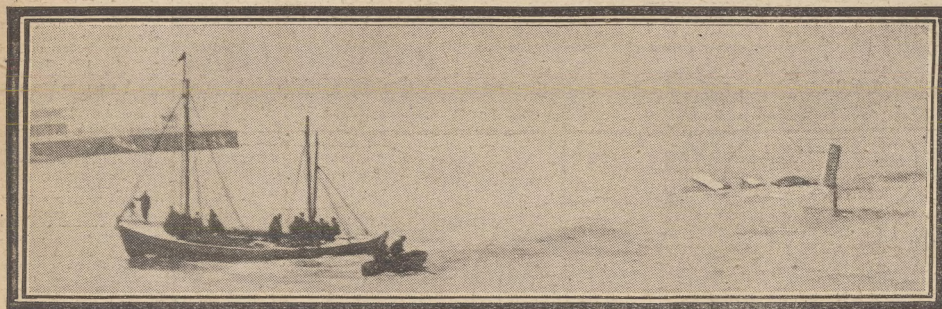
APRIL.

Often I mark thee stepping thro'
The mist, thy fair hair strung with dew,
Or by the great stair of the Dawn
Come down o'er river, croft, and lawn,
Thy sun and cloud-inwoven vest
Rippling its skirts from East to West,
And glancing on the breeze and light
Dash the wild flowers left and right.
April, child of Mirth
And Sorrow, sweetest face on earth,
Oh! had I thy bright notes to make
The wild woods listen for thy sake;
Oh! had I spells to make my pains
My glory, like thy sunlit rains,
My days a rainbow's arch, to climb
Far off from tears, and clouds of Time!
—FREDERICK TENNYSON.

WRECKED SEAPLANE RESCUED BY LIFEBOAT.



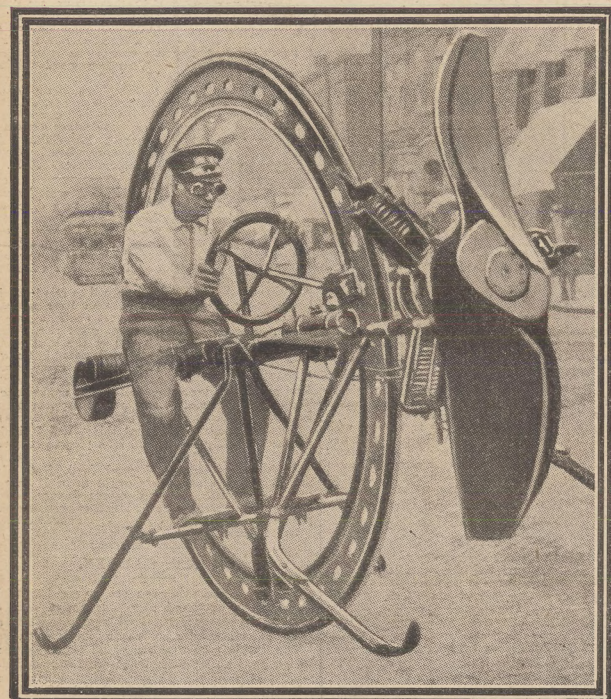
Pulling the wrecked machine on to the beach. A big crowd watched the salvage operations with great interest.



The motor-lifeboat to the rescue. It found the machine partially submerged and badly damaged.

While Seaplane No. 110 was proceeding from the Isle of Grain to Harwich the engines broke down and the machine fell 500ft. into the sea. Lieutenant Bailey and Leading Seaman Marchant, who were in charge of the machine, were uninjured. They were rescued by a barge and afterwards taken on board a lifeboat.

AMERICAN'S WEIRD-LOOKING CONVEYANCE.



This remarkable machine, which created a great stir in St. Louis, has attained a speed of sixty-seven miles per hour. In the front of the wheel is an air propeller and behind it a three-cylindered engine.

NEW ARMY CHIEF.



General Sir Charles Douglas, G.C.B., who, it is understood, will succeed Field-Marshal Sir John French as Chief of the Imperial General Staff.—(Lafayette.)

1,800 TIMES

MR. COMPTON'S RESEMBLANCE



Mr. Edward Compton.

By next week Mr. Edward Compton will have played the part," he says, "seems to have made me resemble and what, I confess

ACTRESS WEDS.



Miss Enid Lawrence, formerly of the Alhambra, and Mr. Patterson after their wedding yesterday.

FOXES AS RATTERS.



Mr. J. Gaunt, a rat-catcher, of Ambergate, with his foxes. They are better ratters than terriers, he says.

THEIR



Martha Kite, who is musical

DAVID GARRICK.

HIS GREAT PREDECESSOR.



David Garrick.

David Garrick 1,800 times. "Constant playing of. At any rate, that is what many people tell me, myself thinking."

OF US.



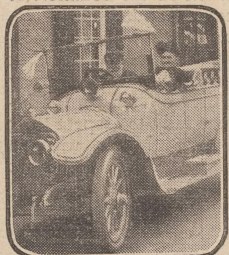
stage favour-
"hit" in the
England."

GUTTA v. RUBBER.



Lord Ribblesdale hands Taylor his share of the prize money after the gutta v. rubber core ball golf test.

AGE AT THE WHEEL.



Mr. Symons, aged seventy-seven, and his bride, aged eighty-five, motor into Ely after their wedding.

SEARCH FOR MISSING SHIP IN THE ARCTIC



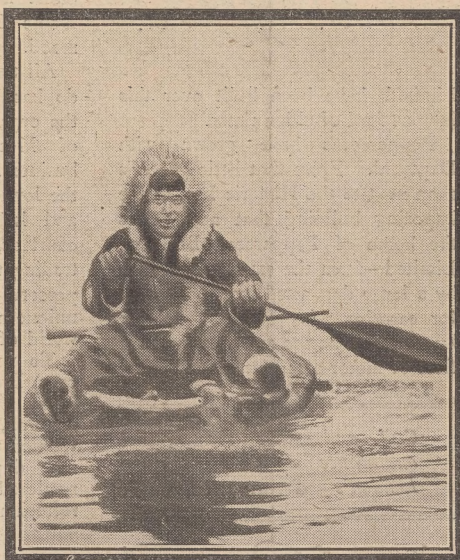
Winter supply of fresh meat—ducks, geese and seals.



The Belvedere caught in the ice. She is a steam whale ship.



Looking for the Karluk from Spy Island.



Eskimo paddling raft made of inflated seal skins.



Sledge about to set out to the Belvedere.

These pictures are by Mr. George Wilkins, photographer to Dr. Stefansson's Canadian Arctic expedition, whose ship, the Karluk, disappeared during a gale. The Belvedere was carrying a large portion of their provisions to Herschell Islands, when she became fast in the ice. In the picture showing the party looking for the Karluk, Dr. Stefansson is the topmost figure.

TELEPHONE ~ NEW CROSS {1170
1171TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS ~
PEPPERCORN, DEPTFORD.DECORATIVE
FURNISHERSPeppercorn Bros Ltd
FRED PEPPERCORN
MANAGING DIRECTOR.GENERAL &
FANCY DRAPERSThe Historic House
of Peppercorn.

ABOUT 450 years after the Canterbury Pilgrims had taken their first rest in an inn situated in the Broadway, Deptford, in the old Canterbury (Pilgrims) Road, came Joseph Peppercorn to London, with the proverbial shilling in his pocket. Next door to the inn, up a flight of stone steps, was a small shop, and it was here that Joseph Peppercorn, in the year 1817, commenced his little grocery business.

Descended from a long line of yeomen ancestry, who were driven from their homes in Holland owing to the Huguenot persecutions, Joseph Peppercorn and his tiny grocery shop, soon became known, for though small the business, it was conducted with an integrity and sterling honesty of purpose that soon won the admiration and goodwill, as well as the custom, of the people dwelling around.

Surely the foundations of such a historic house as Peppercorn's could not have been laid in a happier place. Teeming with historical interest and old associations, Deptford, although now part of Greater London, stands without a rival. Her's is a history that any town might be proud of. Centuries ago "Deep-Ford," on the River Ravensbourne, was the scene of many a hard-fought battle. Ofttimes the river overflowed into the valley, making the ford too deep to cross, and kings and nobles, priests and common travellers, had often to halt and camp until the flood had subsided and they were able to cross in safety. Thus Deep-Ford gradually grew to the Deptford of to-day, and the huge depositories of Peppercorn Brothers,



*Dame Fashion
comes to Deptford.*

Limited, have been built over this famous ford of olden times.

Peppercorns have grown with Deptford. From that little grocer's shop next to the Historic Inn, to the imposing building that now forms the home of Peppercorn Brothers, Limited—from the small cart drawn by a large dog, used by the founder for carrying his groceries, to the hundreds of horses and vans and the fleet of motor-cars now in daily use;

Call and make the acquaintance of Greater London's Greater Store.

from the one tiny department of 1817 to the many of to-day, runs a story of fearless honesty, immovable integrity and straightforward methods of business. For three hundred years these principles have been coupled with the name of Peppercorn, and to-day the House of Peppercorn is justly proud of such a reputation.

To-morrow (Saturday, April 4th) will see the opening of the latest addition to this Store. The new building will be the home of no less than fifty new departments, including costumes, blouses, millinery, under-clothing, corsets, hosiery, lace, dress fabrics, etc. These departments will be opened to the public at 10 a.m. to-morrow. The windows call for special attention. They have been built in the most up-to-date, island style, and present really wonderful space for display. The entire stock for this new section has been very keenly bought, and, as well as being, of course, absolutely new, shows the latest creations in ladies wear. No effort has been spared to present Dame Fashion in her very latest mood.

All that energy and enterprise can do has been brought to bear upon the organisation of this new section of Messrs. Peppercorn Brothers' business. All goods will be sold at the lowest possible margin of profit, and ladies may count upon that courtesy, consideration, and fair trading that has raised Messrs. Peppercorn Brothers, Limited, to so unique a position in the commercial world of Greater London.

To-morrow (Saturday) Peppercorn Brothers, Limited, will be at home to the ladies of Greater London, and they offer a cordial invitation to every lady to inspect their new departments. Music will be rendered during the day, and light refreshments will be served.

Deptford Broadway,
London, S.E.
NEW CROSS STATIONS

OUR SERIAL.

BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE MOST INTIMATE STORY EVER WRITTEN.

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

ELAINE CASSILI, a radiantly happy young bride, addresses her husband.

ROBERT CASSILI, who goes daily to the City to his business. One day before the wedding he is receiving passionate love letters from

AGATHA ESBORN, a pretty woman, a few years older than herself. Robert explains that Miss Esborn will pester him with her attentions. Miss Esborn has put money into his hands before the wedding, a technical part of the law, it is in her power to have a warrant issued for his arrest. Robert is made bankrupt and goes abroad to avoid arrest. Elaine's baby, a boy, is born, and Robert is compelled to go to the City to tell her that he owes his ruin to an unscrupulous trade rival.

TIFFANY RILEY, and it transpires that Miss Esborn is in his pay. Elaine, feeling as Miss Graham, gets employment as a typist in Tiffany Riley's office. One day Miss Esborn calls before the entrance. Tiffany Riley tells Elaine to hide behind a screen and take down all that Miss Esborn says.

Tiffany Riley tells Miss Esborn he has no further need of her services, and adds that he himself has had a man sent from Scotland Yard to arrest Robert Cassili. When Elaine returns to her lodging Robert has already been arrested. He is defended by his friend.

PETER ROSS, a barrister, is found guilty of misappropriating £5,000 and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. A list is sent to Robert's list of clients, and Elaine goes to Riley's house and extracts it from his desk. Hearing of this, Robert goes to the list, behind the desk. Tiffany Riley enters and sees that his desk has been opened. Robert explains the matter. Elaine tells him that she is Mrs. Robert Cassili.

He threatens to send for the police unless she confesses that she has stolen his money. Elaine confesses and he goes to the City to tell her that he owes his ruin to an unscrupulous trade rival.

Lord Charles Herresport enters, and Elaine manages to confide in him. Tiffany Riley allows her to depart. The following morning Elaine receives the list by post. She hastens to take it to her husband. He tells her that Miss Esborn has given him a valuable patent, subject to certain conditions. Elaine feels suddenly parched.

On hearing that Miss Esborn is to be a partner in her husband's firm, Elaine is disturbed. But at last she gives in.

Robert restarts his business, and a fortnight later Lord Charles Herresport calls on Elaine.

"LORD CHARLES'S WARNING."

A MINUTE later Lord Charles stepped into the room. Parsons had gone and Mrs. Graham had descended the stairs, after having assured herself that it was no misrepresentation about Lord Charles's part.

"May I ask you to forgive this intrusion?" "Certainly," I smiled and extended my hand towards him.

We shook hands, and he came into the room and seated himself. I felt how out of place he was in our poor, shabby surroundings, but I was pleased to see him. I had been consumed with curiosity to know what he had said to Tiffany Riley's house and surrendered my chance of getting the list into Lord Charles's hands.

When he had uttered commonplaces for a few minutes, Lord Charles told me all that had happened. He had merely diverted Tiffany Riley's attention, and had taken it from beneath the desk, where I had put it. Still unobserved by Riley, he had hidden it in his fur coat, and had carried it out with him on his arm.

"You can imagine how it amused me," he said, "to walk out of the room in company with Riley, who was shaking his fist and saying he would get the list, whatever it cost him! And all the time, the coat over my arm, was the very list he was making such a fuss about."

He laughed boyishly at the recollection. Then grew immediately serious again.

"Mrs. Cassili," he said, "I am not here to tell you about that, but to warn you on your husband's behalf. I think Tiffany Riley is dangerous—I believe he means ill to your husband's business—if he can wreck it, he will! And, judging from what I hear of him, he won't scruple as to the means."

He evidently saw the anxious look that came into my eyes.

"Don't think me an alarmist, Mrs. Cassili! I hesitated a good deal before coming to tell you this, but, after all, to be forewarned is to be forearmed."

"Yes," I answered, "I thank you Lord Charles. I was afraid, I knew Tiffany Riley better even than Robert or Lord Charles, knew him, knew the strength and inflexible purpose of the man—I knew of his utter lack of mercy. He was a dangerous and terrible enemy, one of those ruthless prates of business one hears so seldom of in this country and so often in America. I was afraid for Robert! The small, newly-launched craft against the great, powerful, heavily-armed vessel—how was it possible that Robert could win through in the fight? And yet, I have heard of him, and, after all, one could only hope for the best."

And so when Lord Charles left me after imparting his warning, I was left deeply depressed. I admired Robert, I believed in him, and, after all, one could only hope for the best.

"A CRISIS."

WHEN one is happy time flies on winged feet; and for a year I was almost completely happy! Robert's business seemed to thrive, there was very little sign of Miss Esborn, I had seen her

"Her hair may be of any colour God pleases," says Shakespeare's Benedict. The censorious business world says any colour except grey. If greyness has arrived or is arriving, do not wait another day. Seeger's will colour grey or faded hair to any desired shade by simply combing it through. It has a certified annual sale of over 400,000 bottles. A medical test before using. Send for each bottle. If you enclose seven stamps to H. Seeger, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle-street, London, you will receive a sample bottle privately packed, which will enable you to prove the simplicity of the Seeger method, if it is not the best. Each bottle is a full-size bottle of Seeger's is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere for 2s.—(Adv.)

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only two or three times. Our boy grew into a very little fellow of two and looked more and more like Robert every day.

Parsons, whenever he came to see us, made a point of appearing before me with a jaunty flower in his buttonhole, and moved to a comfortable chair. Battered and were building up a little home again. But it was not quite like that dream home of the early days of our marriage—the home that had been a paradise to me. I seemed, as it were, to have lost a more earthly plane of existence. And yet I was happy—and should have remained happy—but that an unexpected cloud arose from the horizon and began to darken our thoughts.

Tiffany Riley was troubling Robert. He had undertaken an immense advertising campaign, and was spending thousands of pounds in the intention of overshadowing our business. The patent we used was better than his, and it filled him with rage to think that with all his resources he had failed to retain it!

For some weeks I had seen Robert's face growing more and more anxious, had noticed that he had grown more and more occupied.

One night he came in late for dinner; and when the servant had left the room he suddenly buried his face in his hands and remained motionless for a long time.

Robert, Robert! I whispered going to him, "what is it, tell me?"

"It's money, Elaine," he said, after a long pause, "it is no use—I can't go on! I was a fool to try it—Riley's too strong for me. He has all the resources. My patent is better and cheaper to use than his, but his unlimited capital enables him to forestall me at every turn!"

"But Robert," I protested, "the business was going so well!"

"But I want money—I want capital. If I had a thousand pounds now I could still bring things round. If I only had a thousand pounds, Elaine, I could pull things straight! I was a fool, Elaine, to let Miss Esborn's money a second time! As things look now, I shall lose it again!"

He suddenly rose and walked the floor with clenched fists.

"If I had a thousand pounds now, I could build up the business and get rid of her!"

"A thousand pounds," I repeated, "is a thousand pounds all you need?"

"I could do it on a thousand," answered Robert.

"THE HOUSEBOAT."

I HAD acted promptly. Without Robert's knowledge I had slipped out of the house and was making my way to someone I believed might be a friend to us in this crisis of our lives.

Robert had said that all our friends were poor, but there was one person I believed who would be a friend and was not poor.

Nothing but the direct necessity could have driven me to make up my mind to apply to Lord Charles Herresport.

I had talked with Robert, but, of course, I had not mentioned to him a word of my intention. One thing I knew definitely from him—if he obtained a thousand pounds his business could continue, the ambition upon which he had set his heart, would be likely to succeed. The thought had made up my mind to appeal to the one man who could help us in our need.

Lord Charles Herresport was not in his rooms in Jermyn-street when I called. He polite housekeeper informed me that his lordship was at the moment sent living on his houseboat on the river. She told me the name of the boat and where it was.

For some minutes afterwards as I walked away I thought of the how late it was. It was a little inconsideate of me to approach Lord Charles at this hour of the day. I must wait until to-morrow.

But to-morrow would not do! In my haste and in my anxiety for Robert I feared that to-morrow might be too late. To-morrow would be a day of thrust from my mind every consideration save the one cardinal necessity of striving to obtain the money for Robert.

I forgot now the details of my journey, but I know that at length I arrived up the river it was already dark. The swift transition from the tumult of London to the supreme quiet of the broad, deep-grassed fields upon the river bank brought a certain comfort and tranquillity into my mind.

The night was perfect, and my way lay along a narrow footpath over fields that in daylight were golden with buttercups and green with luxuriant grass. In the distance I could see the river glimmering ghost-like between curving and tortuous banks. Beyond the water rose a rampart of spreading trees, soft black in the gathering darkness.

When I reached the river bank I was obliged to make a considerable journey before I found a landing-stage and a boat-house. A little way further along the river were the gleaming lights, the glowing multi-coloured lights, of a row of houses.

One of these was the Penguin, belonging to Lord Charles. And as I spoke to a boatman, asking him to row me across to the Penguin, I heard him utter the strains of a piano voice singing voices that seemed to float eerily out over the meadows, which were now muffled beneath a shifting blanket of mist.

This is the Penguin, ma'am," the boatman who had informed me suddenly announced.

He shipped his oars and seized a painting hanging from the Penguin's side.

A man servant looked down at me with an expression of surprise upon his face, and the glow of the lanterns I could see that he was at first doubtful of me.

"You wish to see Lord Charles, madam?" he inquired in answer to my question.

"I wish to see Lord Charles upon an important matter of business. With the man helped me on board,

and as I followed him to a small cabin I could hear voices and laughter in the distance. In a minute or two Lord Charles came to the door of the little cabin where I sat, and he said to me:

"I read the surprise in his eyes; but he was delighted to see me. We had met only two or three times during the last year, and that only quite casually."

"We have had exchanged commonplaces," Lord Charles asked: "You wished to speak to me privately, Mrs. Cassili?"

"The noise from the adjoining saloon began to grow loud. Someone began to play a piano, and laughing men's voices echoed through the thin partitioned wall."

"It is rather difficult to talk here," remarked Lord Charles. Five minutes later he had dismissed my boatman, and with the aid of his servant was helping me into a graceful little boat of his own. We pushed off from the Penguin. I made no protest—I was occupied with thoughts of my mission.

Lord Charles had put on a light coat over his evening suit, and now, as the boat floated idly over the ghostlike waters, he drew off the coat again and began to row slowly away from the string of great houses.

"The river is very beautiful and quiet," he said, "at this time of the night, and we can talk without disturbance."

As I sat in the cushioned stern of the boat, looking into his face, I saw an indistinct blur, and his white shirtfront seemed startlingly white against the black of his clothes. He wore a grey Homburg felt hat—either grey or white—and I could not help but notice the expression of his face. He too, seemed to have noticed how dark it was, how ghost-like and still, what a caressing softness pervaded the scented air.

"These June nights are perfect," he remarked. "It is very dark now," he went on, "but the moon will rise soon beyond those trees. Sometimes I sit on my houseboat at night and watch it climbing up the trees—standing on its head, it seems to leap at length out into the starlit sky."

The other night it was like a boat—a silver galloon— Suddenly he broke into a laugh.

"This, Mrs. Cassili," he said, "is the result of getting away from my noisy friends on the Penguin."

We were in a quiet part of the river now, and the distant tinkle of the piano and the murmur of voices had grown to a mere memory of sound.

Above, stars were shining in the sky, and the brilliance in the sky; a scent of flowers was blown to us from the banks; a sensation as of floating through air came to me. The strangeness of it all—the swift transition of events that had brought about this scene—seemed to me to have made a request of Lord Charles and I had said nothing. Was he, too, conscious of the strangeness of the situation? Was he waiting to hear what my request might be? Or had it slipped from his mind and forgotten?

Instinctively I felt that it had—that he, too, like myself, was under the spell of the night and was living only in and for the moment.

There are so few truly beautiful moments in life that nature seems instinctively to grasp at them, piteously striving to hold them as they pass.

"Lord Charles," I said—with an effort I had brought myself to earth again. There had been a long silence between us, and through the dark stems of the trees Lord Charles had shown me the silver sickle of the moon floating steadily upwards. "Lord Charles—"

I could see his face clearly now, looking a little pale in the wan light of the evening. His eyes were fixed upon me where I sat in the stern of the boat, and he was rowing quietly and steadily.

"I think we ought to be turning back—it must be very late!"

I had made no request. It seemed so difficult—and with the rising light of the moon it seemed still more difficult—to sit face to face with him and tell him of my situation.

I have been afraid you would say that, but I suppose I must try," responded Lord Charles. He turned the boat and rowed back towards the landing-stage. In the distance I could now see again the twinkling line of houseboats.

"A thousand pounds!" I whispered to myself. "A thousand pounds! I must presume on your friendship to make this request to Lord Charles!"

We talked commonplaces in low tones as he rowed. The enchanted beauty of the night seemed to hush our voices, but the first magical wonder of the scene had faded a little for me.

Suddenly Lord Charles left his oars remain unguided upon the water. He leaned forwards towards me.

"Mrs. Cassili," he asked, "what is your request?"

And somehow, mysteriously, he managed to charge his words with startling meaning. He was telling me by the low, intense tone of his voice, how he admired me, how he believed in me, how pale and pure my face. It is wrong of me and conceited to say these things, but I know now, as I knew then, that his look and the words he spoke were the most frank for the utterance of his love.

I was startled! How could I possibly make such a request of him if he looked at me like that, if he charged the simplest words with such significance?

(Continued on page 13.)

LUMBAGO NEVER RETURNED.

"It was for a friend who I advised to try Kephaldol for Lumbago, as I tried it about 12 months ago. At that time it cured me, and I have never been troubled since. I shall always recommend it to all I know who suffer the same as I did."—T. R. Brown, 72, Normanby Road, South Bank.

Mr. Brown's experience is the same as thousands of others. Whether they suffer from Lumbago, Sciatica, or Muscular Rheumatism, Dr. Stohr's Kephaldol tablets remove the cause. Every chemist in the country must have had cured cases reported to him. It's remarkable the way this remedy is praised.—(Adv.)

A TONIC FOR THE NERVES.

Nervous people who have not yet developed a disease that can be recognised and treated by the medical profession have the greatest trouble in finding relief. Irritation, headache, sleeplessness, nervous dyspepsia, all these discomforts make life miserable, but are endured rather than run a doctor's bill without definite hope of recovery. Every sufferer should know the danger of such a condition of the nervous system. Nervous debility and even paralysis may easily result if the tone of the nerves is not restored.

The one big fact that brings hope and relief is that the nerves can be restored by building up the blood. It cannot be too often repeated that only through the blood can nourishment and medicine reach the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make the blood rich and red and quickly restore vitality and energy to a weak nervous system. A nervous person who gives these Pills a trial is almost certain to see good results and, what is more, the benefit will be lasting because the trouble is attacked at its source. This makes weak nerves; building up and refreshing the blood restores the nerve force.

"Headaches affected me and my nerves got into a shocking state," says Mrs. E. Jewell, of 13 Bow-street, Stratford, London, E. "Doctors' treatment did not help me much. I suffered from anæmia, and could not digest ordinary meals; nausea followed everything I ate. Seldom I got a night's rest; I was restless and had nightmare."

"It was fortunate a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Almost from the first I got relief. After a week or two my appetite began to improve; I slept better at nights; all aches and pains went away and my nerves were wonderfully strengthened. So I continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was soon free from anæmia and nerve troubles."

Get a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to day either from your dealer or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, post free for 2s. 9d. per box, or 13s. 9d. for six boxes.

Write to the Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, for a free copy of the instructive book, "Diseases of the Nervous System."—(Adv.)

ILFORD PLATES & PAPERS

FOR FINE-ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

Of all Dealers.
ILFORD, Ltd., Ilford, London, E.

PANYAN PICKLE

The Great Digestive Appetiser.

Always in season, and improves every reasonable dish.

DELIGHTFUL WITH HOT OR COLD MEATS, &c.

OF ALL GROCERS EVERYWHERE. Send this advertisement with 1d. stamp, and name and address of Grocer, and Free Sample will be forwarded.

Maconochie Bros., Ltd.,
London, E.

Kiss-Curls Have Come to Stay.

The Parisiennes are charmed with these fascinating little side curls, and it will come as a piece of good news to every woman to know that she may now transform her straight, greasy hair into a wavy, fluffy mass by a simple process which may be carried out in the privacy of her own room. The necessary expenditure (about half-a-crown) is within the reach of all, so this is a real discovery for beautification of the hair. Previous to this information, now published for the first time, it has been the custom to pay a visit to some specialist in order to have the hair waved by process usually involving a considerable expenditure, and much loss of time. It takes about five minutes at the outside to apply liquid silmerine, and the result lasts many days without a further application. The hair treated in this manner improves in texture and colour, and damp weather may be faced without the horror of knowing that one's appearance is marred by straight, wispy tails of hair falling all over the face. Silmerine gives a charming appearance, and convert even a plain face into one of fascinating beauty. Obtain about two ounces from your chemist, this quantity should last for many weeks.—(Adv.)

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CAPE-MANTLE.

How Linings Will Play an Important Role in the Comedy of Fashion.

The smart cape-mantles of which I have spoken in several recent articles have scored an extraordinary success over here in Paris. It is no exaggeration to say that they have "caught on" more quickly than any other fashion of recent years.

The Parisiennes—especially our smart young actresses—wear these cape-mantles with infinite grace, and they combine them, very successfully, with dainty blouses finished off with Médicis collars and with high, narrow tresses. The silhouette thus obtained is most attractive: it is at once original and picturesque.

The special point about these new mantles is that they are very full, and all the best models are long at the back. They are, as a rule, held together in front by handsome cords, but many effective models have crossed braces, which are fastened at the back on the waistline.

I have sketched this week an ideal model of this order. The material was whipcord in a dull shade, or "crushed strawberry," and the lining was a "Martine" printed silk which showed dark blue and crimson designs on a white ground.

CORDS AND BRACES.

All these loose mantles are worn open in front, to show a smart blouse or waistcoat, and though a good many half-length capes are now being made the three-quarter-length model is the leading favourite in Paris.

I have spoken of the "Martine" printed silks more than once in *The Daily Mirror*. These materials are interesting from several points of view. They are exquisitely supple in texture, and the designs are the work of very young "students of nature."

It was Paul Poiret who founded the Martine School of Design, which has become world-famous in a very short space of time. It is the fashion to speak of the Martine designs as "Futurist," but in reality they are almost exaggeratedly simple: their charm lies in their freshness and unstudied originality.

A SEASON OF LININGS.

Linings will be a very important feature this year. They will be rich as regards material, and brilliant as regards colour. The idea of a simple, quiet costume of navy blue cloth lined throughout with a startling brocade is very Parisian. It is just the style of costume which Frenchwomen carry off with extraordinary grace.

This season we shall find this style of costume very popular. For example, a finely pleated skirt accompanied by a loose blouse and by a long cape-mantle lined with printed silk, which exploits vivid colours on a dull blue ground. Or a similar

costume in black satin with the mantle lined with striped Algerian silk and the blouse opening over a snowy vest of white embroidered muslin, the latter finished with a high Médicis collar.

This idea is essentially chic, and happily it does not present any difficulties to women who like to be "in the movement" without spending too much money. Good printed silks are not inexpensive, but then they are as a rule very wide.

PARISIENNE.



One of the new picturesque capes in "crushed strawberry" cloth described on this page.

GOOD-BYE TO THE OLD DINING-ROOM!

No More Red Wall-paper—Farewell to the Superfluous Sofa.

Why do so many women choose red wall-paper for their dining-rooms?

Experts in furnishing and decoration do not know, and nine out of every ten of the women themselves would be equally puzzled to find a satisfactory answer. "It looks so warm and comfortable," is probably the best reply, they could make if suddenly asked the reason.

There are, on the other hand, many reasons why red should not be used in the dining-room. "In the first place," the experts declare, "it kills every bit of furniture in the room, and, secondly, it is a most annoying colour!"

Mr. Morris Davis, head of Messrs. T. W. Thompson and Co., Tottenham Court-road, and *The Daily Mirror* professor in the twelfth course of our academy of shopping, does not hesitate to say that red wall-paper and mahogany furniture are colloquially "the limit." Beautiful browns and blues

"DAILY MIRROR" DEMONSTRATION

MONDAY, April 6.—"The Home Artistic: New Ideas for Spring Decorations." Lecture demonstration, illustrated by suites of rooms showing schemes of furnishing and colour with taste and economy. At Messrs. T. W. Thompson's, Tottenham Court-road, W. 3 p.m.
Free reserved seats on application to *Daily Mirror* Office, Boulevard-street, E.C., envelope to be marked "Home."

and greens are, he urges, in much better taste. They are more soothing than the glaring, irritating red; they are more in harmony with schemes of furnishing, and much easier to "match" or to "contrast" effectively.

Another mystery which the furnishing experts have never been able to understand is why there is so frequently a couch or sofa—often of the repellent Victorian horsehair type—in the dining-room.

"LESS FURNITURE" THE MOTTO FOR 1914.

"Surely nothing is more unnecessary than this survival of archaic custom!" *The Daily Mirror* professor said. "A dining-room is a place to take meals in, and the only furniture which should find a place there are those articles which are essential and convenient in the serving of meals."

"The days when the head of the house may have been supposed to take a nap with the minimum of interval after dinner—or possibly during dinner—are gone."

Not only in the dining-room and the drawing-room, but throughout the house, women will this year dispense with superfluous furniture.

"More room to move about in, less furniture and every article forming a sympathetic part of a harmonious scheme" is the motto of 1914 in the world of decoration and furniture.

Another feature of the season will be a campaign against uncomfortable, straight-up chairs, with no arms and a general fragility which makes sitting down an act of anxious speculation. Upholstered chairs, with well-sprung seats and arms, will take the place of many instruments of torture, while "occasional" chairs with a slightly curved back—just enough to give a sense of "fit" and comfort—will also be popular.

Practical hints on furnishing and decoration, showing how every room may be perfectly comfortable and pretty—with no sacrifice of convenience to taste—will form a feature of Monday afternoon's demonstration of "The Home Artistic."

Seats will be reserved free of charge to readers who write early to *The Daily Mirror*, Boulevard-street, E.C., envelopes to be marked "Home" in the top left-hand corner.

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 136.



Those of our readers who are revue lovers will not need any clue to today's beauty. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of names of the originals with the best summary of their merits at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits appear.—(Dover-street Studios.)

Home & Colonial PERFECT MARGARINE

It makes delicious Cakes and Pies!

Use PERFECT MARGARINE when you bake, and the result will be a revelation in lightness and crispness. This dainty product of nuts and milk is as excellent for cooking as for the table.

1/- DOUBLE WEIGHT 1/-

1 lb. FREE with each 1 lb.
½ lb. FREE with each ½ lb.

Sold ONLY at the

HOME & COLONIAL STORES LTD.

Branches Everywhere.

FREE

A dainty tasting Sample of PERFECT MARGARINE will be given for this Coupon at any Branch of the HOME AND COLONIAL STORES. 11

RICKETS and soft bones

The proper development of bone is a necessity to healthy growth. If a child is merely fat and flabby rickets is almost sure to follow. Then the poor child grows thin and wasted. The bones bend. Acid indigestion follows with frequent colds or bronchitis. A course of SCOTT'S Emulsion works wonders — building up the bones and bringing health, sturdiness and strength. Insist on genuine

SCOTT'S Emulsion

1874 1914

TRADE MARK



Always see this fishman on the package you buy.

WHAT TO DO WHEN NERVES GO WRONG.

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

Men and women who suffer from weak nerves, who tire easily, can't sleep, have brain fog, low vitality, general weariness, loss of strength, dulled ambition, lack of will power, or any of those symptoms that so surely arise from poor, unsteady, unstrung nerves, or nerve force run low should try eating a little Sargol with their meals for a few days and note results. This preparation is the greatest ginger-up stimulant and nerve vitaliser ever known for putting the good old "pep," ambition, courage, and real vital energy into a tired, run-down, and shattered nervous system.

Here is a test worth trying. The next time you feel tired, blue, or when your nerves are fairly crying out, eat a Sargol tablet. Then wait for just ten minutes, and note results. Sargol seems to go straight to the nerve cells and starts work the minute it reaches them. It brings a ten-minute change from that awful dull, weak, lazy, don't-give-a-hang feeling to brightness, strength, clear-headedness, and courage. It calms and strengthens the nerves of people who get the "jumps" and fidgets, and gives them poise, power, and tremendous reserve energy. Sargol is absolutely harmless, contains no dope or habit-forming drugs, and is always safe, easy, pleasant and efficient.

All first class chemists sell it for 2s. 6d. a box. If your nerves are wrong just give it a trial; you will find it to be just what you need.—(Adv't.)

AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.
BURGLARS and Tramps.—Maj. Richardson's Police dog, as supplied Police, are best preventives; for more info. apply to Maj. Richardson, Grosvenor, Harrow. Tel. #23.
CANARIES.—Every variety, cheapest, best; also Talking Parrots, approval, list free.—Rudd, Specialist, Newrick.

MISCELLANEOUS.
ALTHO' Deaf, the "Danghill" Earphone gives perfect hearing; long trial.—D. and J. Hill, 20, Lambert House, Lodge-hill, London, E.C.4.
DIVORCE and Breach of Promise.—Free advice given and confidential inquiries made by experienced Private Detectives; ladies advised on all business matters.—Call, write or phone (1898 Holborn) for appointment to The Gentlewoman's Legal Bureau, 37, Great Brunswick, Bedford-row, W.C.1.
DUNKARDS Cured quickly, secretly, cost trifling; free. D.—Carlton Chemical Co., 522, Birmingham.
SUPERFLOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only; consultations free.—Miss Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W. Hours, 11 to 6.

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

Bill re Pills and Iils.

The text of a Bill making it illegal for unregistered chemists' assistants to compound prescriptions was issued yesterday.

Deserves a Rest.

Claim to have walked 200,000 miles during his thirty years' service is made by a postman named Edward Newton, of Bishopsteignton, South Devon, who has just retired.

King to Consult Specialist.

King Gustav of Sweden, who has been suffering from stomach trouble, says Reuter, is to consult the specialist, Professor Fleiner, of Heidelberg, who arrives in Stockholm to-day.

Budget Day Fixed.

The Budget will be introduced during the week beginning April 20.

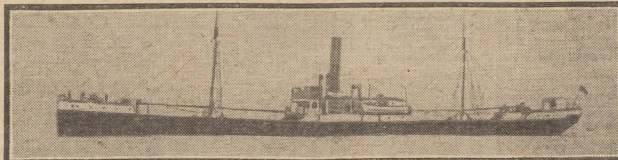
Luck of the Balalaika.

The Tsar of Russia is giving an annual subsidy of £2,500 to M. Andreff's Balalaika Orchestra, says Reuter, and henceforth it will be called the Imperial Great Russian Orchestra.

Where Speech is Silver.

In Spitalfields Market a witness explained at Shoreditch County Court yesterday market people talked in shillings instead of pence, so that the general public should not understand what price was being paid for the goods.

STEAMER SINKS AFTER A COLLISION.



The Spanish steamer Jose de Aramburu, which came into collision with the French steamer Maine off the South Goodwin Lightship during a fog yesterday. The latter sank, and immense quantities of her cargo are reported to be afloat in the channel.

The Story of a Woman's Heart.

(Continued from page 11.)

Some instinct made me recoil—I felt that I could not tell him. And, strangely enough, in that very moment, I determined to tell him! Perhaps some deep, inner sense told me that my reluctance had been to shatter the serenity and beauty of the moment—I was puzzled—as I have often been puzzled with myself.

"Lord Charles," I said, suddenly and abruptly, "you were a very good friend to me a year ago."

"I trust," he smiled, "that I am still a good friend!"

"I came to you to-night," I went on, "because I could think of no one else to whom I could appeal with such certainty of kindness. You warned me, Lord Charles, when my husband started in business that his would be a hard fight against Mr. Rook."

Lord Charles nodded his head.

"It has been a hard fight," I went on, "and matters have come to a crisis—"

"Well?" he encouraged me.

"My husband needs a thousand pounds," I said stumbingly; "unless—unless he can get it, Lord Charles, the business must go to pieces!"

I had felt that I could be eloquent on the subject, and now, suddenly and inconsequently, I could do nothing. I could say nothing. Tears came into my eyes and I sat motionless, looking across the boat at Lord Charles's face.

He was kindness itself; he asked no questions, and made no conditions whatever. He merely looked at me for a long time, then took the oars again.

"Mrs. Cassilis," he said, "it will be the greatest happiness in the world to me to be of assistance to you."

"To my husband," I murmured with a faint note of protest.

"To you," he said, and his smile broke the tension.

Five minutes later we drew near the Penguin.

Lord Charles had told me that he would write a note to his banker, and that I should have a cheque in the morning.

"Penguin ahoy!" he called, as we drew near his dreamlike, glittering houseboat.

A manservant came running, and as Lord Charles seized the painter I heard the sound of a heavy footfall and a voice above calling:

"Is that you, Herrespond? I've been here a full hour waiting for you—where the dickens have you been?"

I looked up, and a thrill of fear went through me. In the glow of the lanterns I could see Tiffany Riley's hard, heavy-jawed face looking down at me.

A thrilling instalment of this story will appear to-morrow.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

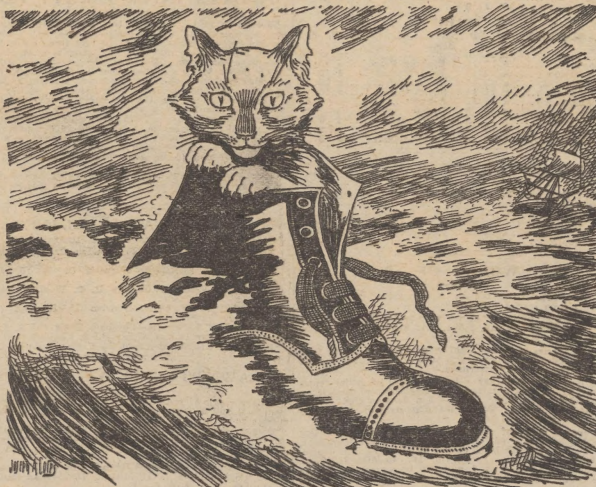
9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

Another cheerful day was spent in the Stock Markets yesterday, cheap money and the improved political outlook being the main factors. Consols, following their recent strength, gave way slightly to 76½, but Home and Foreign Rails were strong. South Africans also advanced briskly.

That the investor is again turning his attention to the Stock Exchange is suggested by the raising of the big Ceylon loan. The issue was of £1,000,000 in 4 per cent. Inscribed stock at 99, and so great was the rush of applications yesterday morning, that they were closed within an hour of their opening. The amount having been oversubscribed. The price of the scrip then rose to a quarter premium.

The next Colonial loan is to be an issue of £2,000,000 in 4 per cent. stock at 99, redeemable 1940-50, by the Government of Queensland.

No change occurred in the prices of Amalgamated Press, Associated Newspaper and Pictorial Newspaper shares.



THE SHIP'S CAT: "No fear of this vessel becoming leaky, it's been polished with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish, which is waterproof and preservative."



Irreproachable

Is your frock, your wrap, your fan above reproach? You can always feel quite certain that it is, if you enlist the services of Pullars of Perth.

Pullars' unequalled experience in Dyeing and Cleaning, and their unique facilities for high-class workmanship fit them to undertake the most delicate work.

Booklet B, "The Dyer's Art," will tell you exactly what Pullars can do. A postcard addressed to Pullars, Perth, brings it, or you can get all particulars from the Local Agent—address sent on application.

PULLARS Cleaners & Dyers PERTH

PERSONAL.

LETTER unanswered! How have I offended? Distressed.—H-n.

DEAR LILL—Many happy returns, Ada. Write or call.—Chycombe.

NELLOGNALL—Think plan quite good. Might call to-day. Love.

MERLIAN—Best blessings and happiness always. Yours only.—M. P.

BILLIKEN cannot understand silence. Wants communication. Write him.

The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 4d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 6d. per word (minimum 8 words).—Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-29, Boulevard London.

GARDENING.

FREE Trial pkts. new varieties Seeds, with bargain list bulbs, roses, pot plants, flower seeds, and pot plants. Lighthouse, 57, Kilton, Boston.

1/- DAHLIAS. Modern Dahlias.—All the newest varieties: 4 Cactus, 4 Fancy, 4 Show and 4 Col. larette gratis; the finest collection ever offered; win every time. 1/- Dahlias. Customer says: "Three of yours is as good as 50 I had elsewhere." Price is, carriage paid.—Banger Bros., Nurserymen, Fegwell Bay, Ramsgate.

1/- EARLY Prize Chrysanthemums.—The best and earliest ever offered; all winners, and just as easy to grow as common sorts; 12 first early, July to end September blooming, 1s; 12 second early, end September onward, 1s; colours, the pink, golden, white, crimson, red, purple, cream, etc. Many new sorts never before offered retail. Customer writes: "These I had last season were beautiful; this makes my fourth season buying of you." The two collections, 1s. 9d., carriage paid.—Banger Bros., Nurserymen, Fegwell Bay, Ramsgate.

1/- PRETTY Rapid Climbers.—3 Sweet-scented Clematis, blue, white, yellow; 2 Bell Flowers, white; 2 Scarlet Flame Flower, 2 Yellow Healthy Hops, 4 Sweet-scented Honeysuckle; sure to thrive and increase yearly; gratis with instant Packet of Ideal Planting (Morning Glory), grow anywhere; lovely satin pink, double as a rose, resembles carnation, bears hundreds of flowers; make fine buttonholes; the whole collection of Climbers, 1s, carriage paid.—Banger Bros., Nurserymen, Fegwell Bay, Ramsgate.

1/- PANSIES, Prize Pansies.—Unbeaten in Kent; large Prize Pansies, win anywhere; flowering bright; 24 roots, 1s; 20 roots, 1s. 4d.; gratis, 3 Climbing Plants; Clematis, Honeysuckle, Ideal Plant; satisfaction certain; carriage paid.—Banger Bros., Nurserymen, Fegwell Bay, Ramsgate.

1/- FRENCH Marguerites.—All the latest sorts; stand winter and increase yearly; grand colours; white, mauve, scarlet, yellow, orange, etc.; 8 roots, 1s; sold by leading florists, never does not; gratis, large packet Sweet Peas, 24 sorts, all colours; carriage paid.—Banger Bros., Nurserymen, Fegwell Bay, Ramsgate.

1/- 100-SEED COLLECTION. 1s. 10d.—Superlative Bird Pea, 1 pint of King of Marrows Pea, 1 pint of Distinction Pea, 1 pint of Broad Beans, 1 pint of Kidney Beans, 1 lb. of each of the following: Swiss Chard, Turnip, Beetroot, Radish, Cress, Mustard, Carrot; one packet each of the following: Parsnip, Cauliflower, Celery, Broccoli, Brussels Sprouts, Lettuce, Marrow, Parsley, Cucumber, Savoy, and Given Gratis Six Packets of Choice Flower Seeds: Grand Packet of Sweet Peas, 24 sorts, 1 lb. of Potato, "Golden Wonder," all named, packed, and free on rail, 1s. 10d.—R. Smith and Co., Dept. 1, Nurseries, Worcester.

1/- GOLD Medal Roses, 3s. 3d.—All bodied on the English briar; Baron d'Or, Johanna Schott, Gustave Grenier, natural, Prince de Bulgaria, K. A. Victoria, Conrad de Meyer, W. A. Richardson, M. M. Laing, Charles de Meillon, Ulrich Brunner, Eugene Furst, La Toka, named.—R. Smith and Co., Dept. 1, Nurseries, Worcester.

1/- CHOICE Gladstons, 1s. 4d.—5 Pink Beauty, 5 Salmon 50 Queen, 10 America, 5 Chiffel, 5 Gaudensia, 5 Princess (Scarlet), 10 Lemonade, 5 Blanche Bride, 2 1/2 Jola 2s. 6d.; all named.—Clarke, Bulb Specialist, 24, Hampton, Middlesex.

1/- Mammoth, White Queen, Orchid flowered, Pink Pearl, Black Cat, Blue King's plant, packed and free on rail, 1s.—Clarke, 24, Royal Hampton Nurseries, Middlesex.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

LONDON, TILBURY & SOUTHEAST SECTION

EASTER HOLIDAYS

WEEK-END TICKETS

(Thursday, Friday or Saturday to Tuesday)
to SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA.
1st Class, 6/- From 3rd Class, 3/6.

FENCHURCH STREET and St. PANCRAS
by Special and Ordinary Trains.

EXCURSION TRAINS AND FARES

as usual.

SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA

WESTCLIFF & LEIGH-ON-SEA.

CHEAP DAY TICKETS

will be issued from FENCHURCH STREET
and ST. PANCRAS.

Third Class 2/6 Third Class

THORPE BAY, Third Class, 2/8;
SHOEBURYNESSE - - 2/10.

Cheap Excursion Tickets to SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA from Stations on the DISTRICT and METROPOLITAN RAILWAYS.

For Particulars of Fares, Trains, &c., See Handbills at the Stations.

On EASTER MONDAY Fast Trains will leave FENCHURCH STREET about every 15 minutes, or as often as required up to 12 noon, commencing at 7.20 a.m. From ST. PANCRAS and from Stations on the Tottenham and Hampstead and Tottenham and Forest Gate Lines, Special Fast Through Trains at frequent intervals, between 7.50 and 10.50 a.m.

Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Monday and Tuesday Cheap Day Tickets, 3s. each, from Fenchurch Street, Stepney, and Burdett Road to

1/6 GRAVESEND 1/6 and BACK

At all Stations ask for Tickets to Southeast-on-Sea via London Tilbury & Southend Line.

B. BULLOCK, Manager L.T. & S. Section.
Fenchurch Street Terminus.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADDELPHI, Strand. Every Evening, at 8.15. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Musical Production. THE GIRL FROM UTAH. First Mat. Wed. Sat. at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tels. 2645 and 6886 Ger.

ALDWYCH.—THE EVER OPEN DOOR. To-night, at 8. Last 2 NIGHTS.

AMBASSADORS.—To-night, at 8.30. TOLSTOY'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA. ANNA KARENINA.

APOLLO.—At 8.45. CHARLIE HASTLEY in "THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW." At 8.15, "The Quod Wangle." Mats. Weds. and Sat. at 2.15.

CRITERION.—Nightly, at 9, "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS." Thurs. and Sat. 8.15. Allen Ayresworth, Lottie Yenne, Sam Southern, Emil Bell. At 8.50, "State Secrets." Matinees, Weds. and Sat., 2.50.

DALY'S THEATRE.—TO-NIGHT, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production. THE MARRIAGE MARKET. A Musical Play, in 3 Acts. MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, at 2.

DURRY LANE. SEALED ORDERS, at 7.45. Mats. Weds. at 2. Extra Mat. Easter Mon., at 7. Fanny Brough, Kenneth Douglas, G. M. Hallard. Box-office, Tels. 3988 Gerard.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—To-night, at 8.30. Charles Frohman presents THE LAND OF PROMISE, by W. S. Margham. MATINEE, EVERY THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.

GALEITY.—To-night, at 8.15, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production, AFTER THE GIRL. Matinee, Every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10.

GARRICK.—At 8.45, Louis Meyer presents G WHO'S THE LADY. At 8.15 (Mat., 2.15), "The Quaints." Matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.45.

GLOBE.—To-night at 8, OSCAR ASCHE and LILLY BRAYTON in Kismet, by Gordon Griffiths. Matinee, WEDS. and SATS., at 2.15.

HAYMARKET.—WITHIN THE LAW. To-night, at 9. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree. At 8.30, "A Dear Little Wife." Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—SATURDAY, APR. 11. PIVOTALITY, by Bernard Shaw. HERBERT TREE. MATINEE, FRIDAY, APR. 10. MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS and Saturdays.

KINGSWAY.—THE GREAT ADVENTURE, by Arnold Bennett. 8.30, Mats. Weds. Sats., 2.30.

LYCEUM.—YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU. LAST NIGHTS. Politely Ending Sat. April 4. NIGHTLY, at 7.45. MATS. WED. and SAT. 2.30. Pop. prices, 6d. to 5s. Seats booked from 2s. 6d. Gerr. 7617-8.

NEW.—At 8.15, THE JOY RIDE LADY. Music by JEAN GILBERT. MATS. WEDS. and SATS., 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE.—To-night at 9, Miss MARIE TEMPEST presents THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY. At 8.30, Mr. Warwick Price.

PRINCE OF WALES.—To-night at 8.45. BROADWAY JONES, by George M. Cohan. Preceded, at 8, by "The Model and the Man." MATINEE, TO-MORROW, Wed. Sat. 2.30.

PRINCES.—NIGHTLY, at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. SPECIAL MAT. EASTER MONDAY, at 2.15. "THE NEW Romantic Play, THE STORY OF THE ROSARY." Prices, 6d. to 5s. 5983 Gerr.

QUEEN'S.—Mr. Gaston Mayer presents G WALKER WHITEHEAD in THE MELTING POT, by Louis Gengwall. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30. Notice.—Transferring Comedy Theatre April 15th.

ST. JAMES'S.—THE TWO VIRTUES, by ALFRED SITRO. TO-NIGHT, at 9. GEORGE ALEXANDER. MATRHA HEDMAN. At 8.30, A Social Success, by Max Beerholm. Matinees, Weds. Sats. (except Apr. 4, 10 and 11), 2.30.

£500 House Free!



To-day we announce the
GRAND FINAL COMPETITIONS
for the £500 House, the £300
in Scholarships, and £100 in cash.
Month by month our splendid 'Nubolic' Cash Prizes,
and Mrs. Cheerisoul's common-sense talks about the value of

Nubolic Soap

in keeping home sweet and healthy, have gathered around us a mighty army of new friends,
all now regular and enthusiastic users of 'Nubolic.'

APRIL COMPETITIONS—FOR THE GRAND PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE £500 HOUSE OPEN TO ALL

(OR £500 CASH)

£100 in 5 Cash Prizes of £20 each (Open to All)

£150 in 3 Scholarships (1st PRIZE, £75 For Boys

£150 in 3 Scholarships (1st PRIZE, £75 For Girls

For Boys

(UNDER 17)

The Three Scholarship (or cash) Prizes for the three best sets of replies to BOTH questions (the two counting as one set).

1 Make the longest list of English words, each of five letters, each word to contain one or more of the letters of the word NUBOLIC—for example: House, Table, Prize, etc. Proper names, names of places, and plurals may be included.

2 Make the best last line you can think of to the following 'Limerick':—
Just try this 'Nubolic' to-day
It keeps all infection at bay,
For young or for old
It's the facet soap sold.

Example of last line (not to be used):
A trial will prove what we say.

Open to All.

The £500 House (or £500 in cash) will be awarded for the best complete set of replies to ALL THREE QUESTIONS. The £20 prizes to the next five in order of merit.

1 Make up the best riddle you can about 'Nubolic.' For example:—
'Why is 'Nubolic' like a Policeman?'
'Because it Safeguards the Public.'

2 Here is a sentence about 'Nubolic' which has got mixed up, and one word is missing altogether. Send what you think is the right sentence:—
You will safeguard freshness and find purity and cleanliness in every cottage nook or mansion corner where this hall-mark of health be used it is that splendid room.

3 Take the five initial letters of 'Nubolic' and make another sentence bearing on it; the words to have the same initials, and to be in the same order.

For Girls

(UNDER 17)

The Three Scholarship (or cash) Prizes for the three best sets of replies to BOTH questions (the two counting as one set).

1 Nubolic Soap is useful in every part of the house; write in order what you think are its six most important uses in the home. Limit your description of each 'use' to 12 words.

2 Make the best last line you can think of to the following 'Limerick':—

For the bath and for house-cleaning, too,
There's nothing like 'Nubolic' 'tis true;
And that is why mother
Won't have any other.

Example of last line (not to be used):
'Nubolic' will surely help you.

List of Winners will be published in the leading Daily Papers during the first week in June.

SPECIAL RULES FOR FINAL COMPETITIONS:

Send 'Nubolic' wrappers (any size) with each complete set of efforts as follows: Boys, TWO; Girls, TWO; Open to All, SIX.

Each complete set of efforts, and the necessary wrappers, must be securely fastened together and posted not later than April 30, postage prepaid. If more than one complete set is sent, be sure to send the proper number of wrappers with each set. Address envelope as below.

Nubolic Disinfectant Soap is sold in three sizes: 4d.; 3jd.; 2d. Wrappers from any size accepted.

'NUBOLIC,' Box 156, Post Office, LEEDS.

Write full name and address on back of all efforts. Boys and Girls must state age next birthday, school attended, standard, and name of teacher. If left school, give same particulars, also date of leaving.

The decision of Joseph Watson & Sons, Ltd., to be final. No employee of the Company may compete.

SAVOY.—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER. Matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.50.

SHAFTESBURY.—THE PEARL GIRL. MUSICAL COMEDY. TO-NIGHT, at 8. MATS. WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

STRAND.—To-night, at 9, Louis Meyer presents MR. WU, a New Anglo-Chinese Play. MATHESON LANG. LILLIAN BRADTHWAITE. At 8.30, THE ENTERTAINERS. Mats. Weds. Sats., 2.15.

VAUDEVILLE.—Strand. TO-NIGHT, at 9. HELEN WITH THE HIGH HAND, by Richard Price. From Arnold Bennett's Novel. At 8.15, THE RED CURTAIN, by G. E. Jennings. Mats. Weds. Sats., at 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S.—To-night, at 8, DIPLOMACY, by Victorien Sardou. MATS. WEDS. SATS., at 2.

ALHAMBRA.—KEEP SMILING. Revue. MAIN STAIRCASE. Varieties. 8.15. Revue. 8.55. Matinees, Every Saturday, 2.15. Reduced prices.

HIPPOTRAME.—Twice daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. "HULLO, TANGO!" Ed. Levey, Shirley Kellogg, Harry Tate, Gerald Kirby, Toddie Gerrard, Morris Harvey, etc. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tels. 650 Ger.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9.10. Mon., Wed., and Sat. 2.30. 6.10 and 9.10. SPLASH ME. MA GOSCE. CORAM. BAPTISTA SCHREIBER. JACK PLEASANT. JACK LORIMER. C. M. ROODE. etc.

MASKELINE & DEVANT'S MYSTERIES.—St. George's Hall, Oxford-circus, W. Daily, at 3 and 8. Always a varied and attractive programme. Seats, 1s. to 5s.

WITH CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC.—Herbert G. Posing at Philharmonic Hall, Great Portland-st. Twice daily, 3 and 8.15. Thrilling Story; Unique Pictures. 1s. to 5s. 3003 Mayfair.

PALACE.—THE MUSIC CURE, by G. BERRY. YARD SHAW. WILKIE BARD. CHESTER CANINES DE LUXE, NINA GORDON, VIOLET ESSEX, etc. BOAT RACE on the BIOSCOPE. Mats. SAT., at 2. Evng. 8.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Motor Museum, Music, Cinemas. Skating, 3 sessions. Theatre "MARRIAGE OF KITTY," 7.45. Sat. 8. and W. London Musical Festival and Concert, 3 and 7. Return fare and Palace admission, 1s. 6d.

DANCING.

PERFECT WALTZ with REVERSE, BOSTON and ONE-STEP GUARANTEED IN FOUR PRIVATE LESSONS for £1.1s. FURLANA, TA-TAO, TANGO, etc. CALL for LESSON at ANY TIME.—CHARLES D'ALBERT, Leading Teacher of Society Dancing, 591, Oxford-st. (adjoining Bond-st Tube). 5582 Mayfair.

Spring Fashions at the Melton Hunt Steeplechases: Pictures.

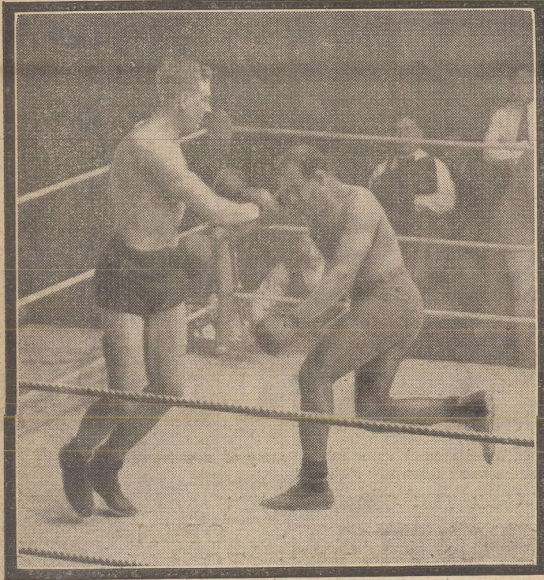
ARCTIC Explorers
search for their
Missing Ship:
Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

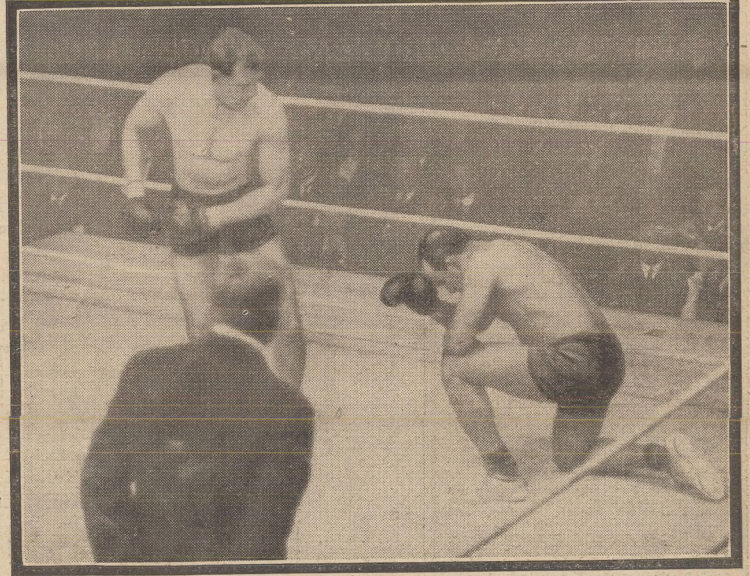
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AMERICAN'S
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ing air-propelled
bicycle: Picture.

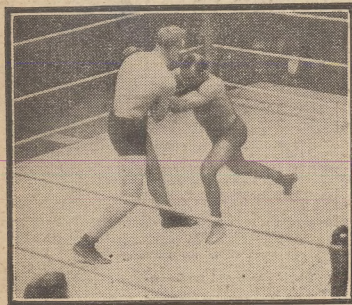
LA BOXE: LURIE, THE FRENCH HEAVYWEIGHT, BEATEN BY WELLS LAST NIGHT.



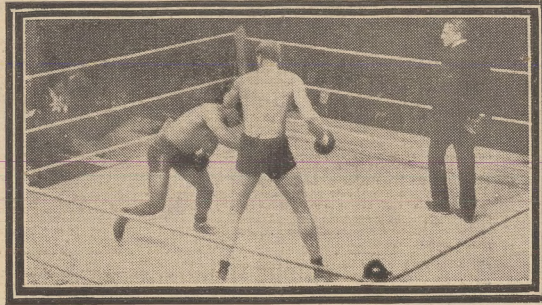
A tap on the nose for Lurie.



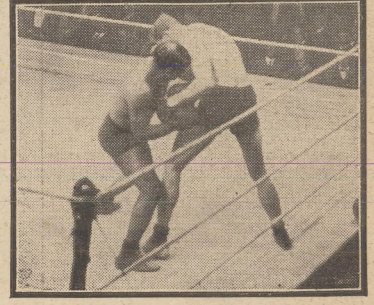
Exit Lurie, who is eventually tapped out.



Lurie rushes in, but is tapped off.



Wells taps Lurie on the ear.

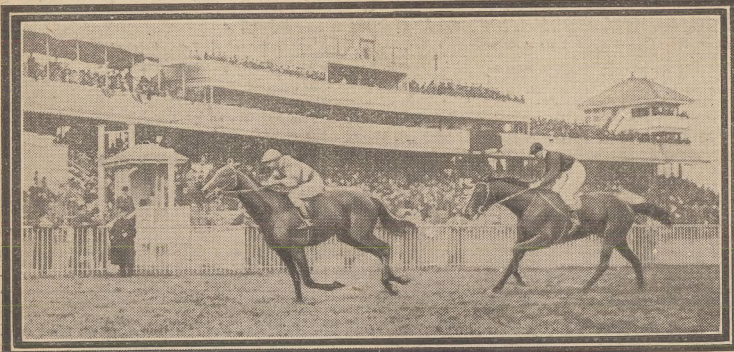


Lurie might cuddle, but not hit.

Wells beat Lurie in seven rounds at the Canterbury Music Hall last night. The Bombardier made it a sparring match for the first six rounds, and in the seventh landed a

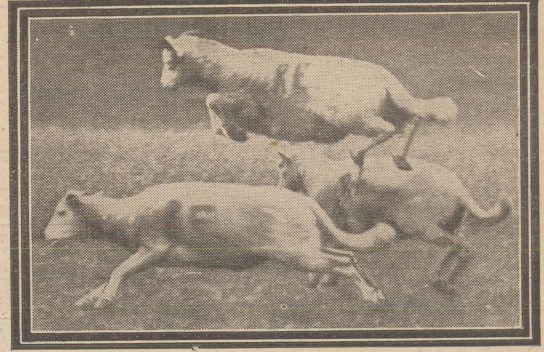
succession of blows which ended the contest. Mr. Reginald ("Snowy") Baker was the referee.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

WRACK WINS THE NEWBURY SPRING CUP.



Lord Rosebery's Wrack winning the Newbury Cup from Mr. J. Joel's Blue Stone yesterday. Though no fewer than six of the twenty-two runners took part in the Lincolnshire Handicap, Wrack was always favourite, and won very cleverly.

GREETING THE SPRING.



The sheep know that spring—real spring—has arrived. They have become quite frivolous during the past few days, and thoroughly enjoy a gambol in the sunshine.